FIVE CENTS

Liberty

MAR. 14, 1942

LAST-MINUTE DOUBLE CHECK FOR YOUR INCOME TAX

HOW VULNERABLE IS AUSTRALIA? by C. Hartley Grattan

Bell Airacobra
U. S. and British designation

A nose you're going to know better

North American Apache (U. S.)
The British call it "The Mustang"

Curtiss P-40 (U. S.) *The British call it "The Tomahawk" or "The Kittihawk"*

Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U. S.)
The British call it "The Lightning"

EVERY pointed nose plane serving our air force today is Allison powered.

Only planes with liquid-cooled engines like the Allison can have such complete streamlining with all that this means in added fighting efficiency.

In Allison powered planes the streamlining is controlled by the room necessary for the pilot. The engine is no wider than the pilot's shoulders.

You're going to see more and more noses like this from now on — because thousands of Allison engines went into service during 1941 — and that's only the beginning.

Allison production has hit its stride. More than 14,000 trained mechanics —working in more than 2,000,000 square feet of floor space—are turning out these superb engines as fast as plane manufacturers can take them.

You'll be seeing more of them on our own army airfields, and in pictures from Hawaii, the Philippines and the European and African fronts, because they're giving a great account of themselves in action clear around the world.

The experience of General Motors is full-rounded and without bias in the airplane engine field. In addition to the liquid-cooled Allison engine, GM is under license to build air-cooled radial engines in its Buick and Chevrolet plants.

OTHER FAMOUS NOSES — Regardless of who uses them or builds them, all of the fastest fighter planes in the world have pointed noses built around liquid-cooled engines.

British Spitfire

German Messerschmitt

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES **Allison**

DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS

IN A DRAFT?

Drafts may lower your body resistance, make you easy prey to a cold. If you've been in a draft, gargle Listerine Antiseptic without delay.

EXPOSED TO A COLD?

Sneezing may spread infection. If you've been in a crowd or near someone who is sneezing, gargle Listerine as soon after as you can.

Look out for Colds!

GARGLE LISTERINE *Quick!*

Do you feel the sniffles coming on? Are you starting to sneeze, to feel a dry, rasping sensation in your throat? You may be catching cold. So gargle Listerine Antiseptic promptly . . . and frequently. This action may ward off a miserable cold . . . or if it has started, may keep it from getting serious. At the same time it often relieves sore throat irritation due to colds.

Listerine Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on your throat surfaces, kills millions of germs . . . *the very types of germs that many authorities say are responsible for the troublesome symptoms of a cold.*

In fact, clinical "bacteria counts" have shown that even 15 minutes after gargling Listerine there were germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%. Fully an *hour* later, this germ reduction was still as high as 80% in some cases. (See box below.)

Listerine Users Showed Fewer, Milder Colds in Tests

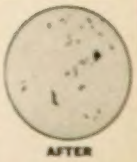
This quick germ-killing power, we believe, accounts for Listerine Antiseptic's amazing test record, over a 10-year research period. These tests, conducted on employees of industrial plants, showed that *regular Listerine users had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users . . . and fewer sore throats!*

So at the first sign of a cold, gargle Listerine and keep it up. It may save you a nasty, expensive siege this winter. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

BEFORE

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.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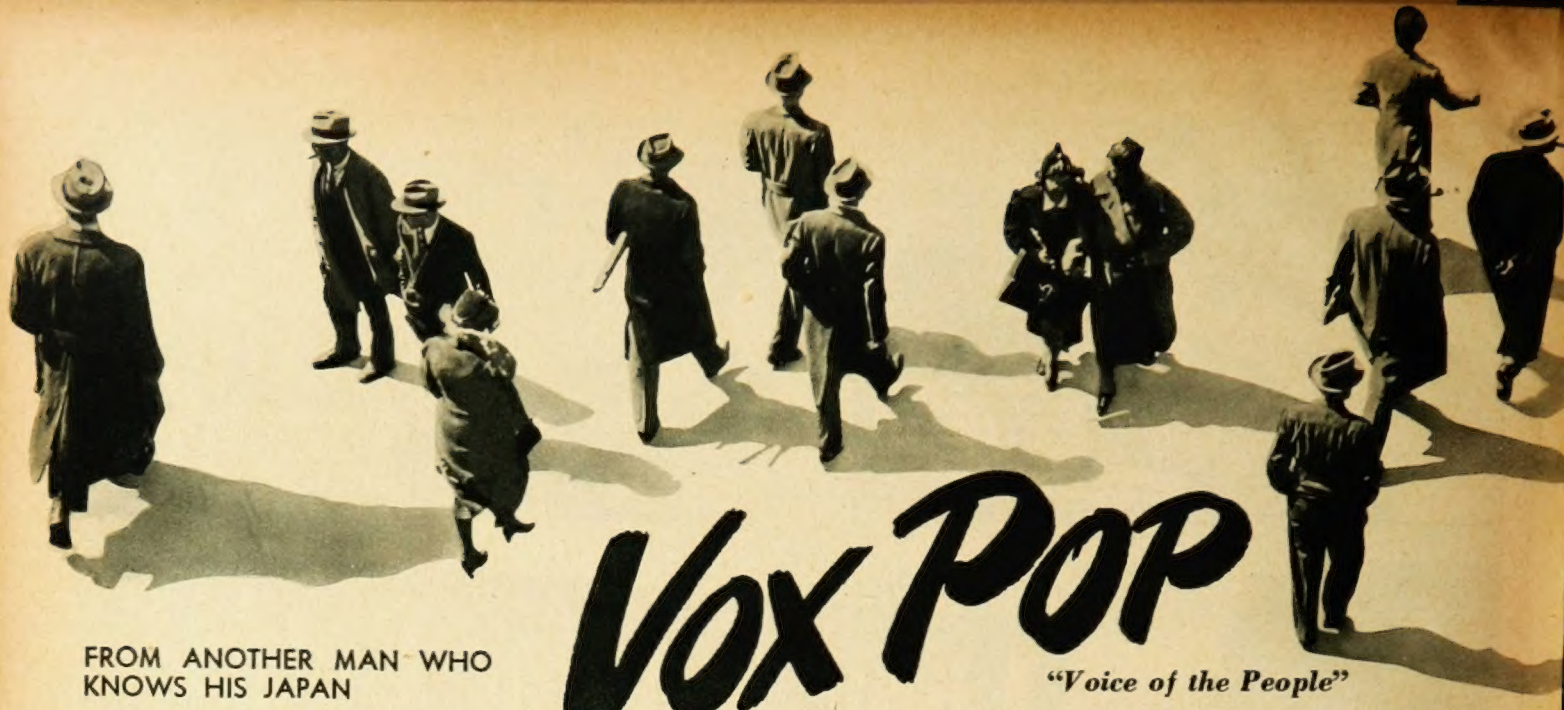

VOX POP

"Voice of the People"

FROM ANOTHER MAN WHO KNOWS HIS JAPAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have read Carl Crow's article, Japan's Outline for Murder (January 31 Liberty), with interest. Kindly allow me to offer a few observations.

Perry's gifts made to Emperor Komei in 1854 were not contemptuously stored away; contemporary Jap records show that the Japanese showed great interest in the model railway (in which they delighted to ride around) and the telegraph, and they set to study them thoroughly.

There is very grave doubt that dreams of world conquest, as intimated allegedly in Lord Hotta's memorial (written at that time), were then taken seriously even by the Japs. Such intentions only found deep root around 1888, after twenty years of progressive liberalization and democratization. Hotta's document, the original text of which I have studied, is innocuous by the side of later utterances. But any one is welcome to his own opinion.

The Tanaka Memorial was first developed in Japan in 1925, and mulled over in innumerable secret conferences for the next two years, and then submitted to Emperor Hirohito in July, 1927. I was shown an authentic copy of the Jap text in 1932 by a Japanese acquaintance.

I lived in Japan for eight years and speak and write the language like a native.

Years ago, and again a short time before the war came, I tried to tell the world of Japan's dangerous, crazy "immutable policy" for world conquest, of her duplicity, her marvelous camouflage of intentions and of character, her mass espionage.—*James W. Schneider.*

IF THIS BE FORGETTING . . .

HYNES, CALIF.—The Constant Miracle, by Charles Bonner (February 7 Liberty), is wonderful. Give us more stories like this and forget about the war stories. We want to forget the war when we relax with Liberty.—*Mrs. Herman van Leeuwen.*

ANYBODY HEAR IF SHE DID?

Vox Pop letter printed March 2, 1929:

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Tell Richard Carroll, who wrote "The Next War," that on the day when a bomb from a plane sinks a modern battleship, with bomb-proof armor, my Jersey cow will grow wings, spread them, and with a thundering "Moo!" take to the air and soar away. — *An Educated Farmer.*

THANKS, READER

LINCOLN, NEB.—In the February 7 issue of Liberty there is a reference to Mickey Rooney attending the Nebraska-Missouri football game in Kansas City. That game is either played at Lincoln, Nebraska, or Columbus, Missouri.—*Peter C. Dreith.*

DEFINITION OF A REAL AMERICAN: AGREE?

CLEARWATER, FLA.—I want to say a few words about the article Lindbergh and the Jews, by Francis E. McMahon, Associate Professor of Philosophy of the University of Notre Dame, in January 3 Liberty.

It makes me feel good to know that we still have great and good men like Professor McMahon in our wonderful U. S. A.

I don't think a man who is a real American, and earns his living honestly, and keeps busy, and tends to his own business, and is normal, would stoop to knock either Jews, Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, or any other religion, or its followers.—*Harry Molenski.*

RIGHT! IT'S NO TIME FOR MINCING

MARIETTA, OHIO—Congratulations to you for Donald M. Nelson's article, Less For Everybody (February 7 Liberty). I am thankful to our President for finding, as Chairman of the War Production Board, a man who minces neither words nor actions. Thank you, Mr. Nelson, for serving!—*Mary L. White.*

WHY DON'T YOU COME RIGHT OUT AND SAY IT?

ROSWELL, N. M.—Are you sure it was not Ted Shane who drew the picture of the cockeyed boys and dog on the Liberty cover of February 7?—*C. W. Williams.*

GOOD IDEA, E. C. L.

GALVESTON, TEX.—Gosh! From This Day Forward, the serial running in Liberty, is a peach.

First, I wasn't going to read it. Just another rambling love story, I said to myself. Sure glad I did. Dandy illustration by Edwin A. Georgi, too. Suggest you dig up more of Elswyth Thane's stories.—*E. Chouteau Legge.*

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"Mister, please take off your mask!"

CAMEL: But, Sahib, I *am* a *real* camel! My head is fastened on!

DOORMAN: Sure, mister, sure. You're a camel. Okay. Ha ha. Very funny. But we got to identify the guests. Quit clowning, mister, take off the mask.

CAMEL: Keeper of the Gate, I swear I am a camel! By the bright silver label of Paul Jones whiskey, I swear it!

DOORMAN: Ha! If you're a camel, mister, how come you know anything about whiskey?

CAMEL: Master, I am a walking symbol of the noblest quality of whiskey—DRYNESS.

DOORMAN: Ha! Indeed! And what, may I ask, has *dryness* got to do with whiskey?

CAMEL: Everything, Watcher in the Dark! Connoisseurs of whiskey demand *dryness*. For the dryness, or lack of sweetness, in Paul Jones whiskey brings out the *full* richness of its flavor... clear and unimpaired for your greater enjoyment!

DOORMAN: So! And you come busting in here talking about a whiskey so rare that even the chairman of the 'greens committee couldn't afford it?

CAMEL: Nay! Beacon in the Night, this dry Paul Jones of which I speak is most moderately priced, for all the magnificence of its flavor. Truly, Great Sir, its price is so moderate and its flavor so great that wise men and connoisseurs have long known Paul Jones as *a great buy!*

DOORMAN: You mean almost *anyone* can afford this wonderful *dry* Paul Jones? Great Day! Come in! Welcome, My Odd Oriental! And just wait till I tell the bar steward about this!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

WONDERS OF AMERICA

Aerial Octopus!

AMERICA'S STRATO-SENTINEL, WORLD'S MOST EFFICIENT WAR BALLOON... NOTE MOORING CABLES FOR INTERCEPTING ENEMY WAR PLANES

THERE ARE 68,000 CUBIC FEET IN THAT 'FISH.' SHE'LL GO UP ALMOST 3 MILES
THERE OUGHT TO BE A BIG DIFFERENCE IN THE TEMPERATURE UP THERE
SOMETHING LIKE THE DIFFERENCE IT MAKES SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

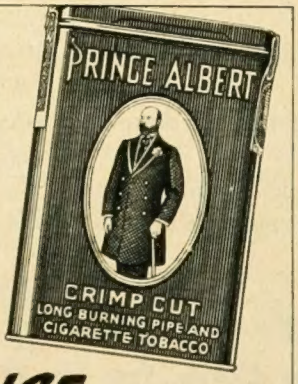
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— *COOLEST OF ALL!*

THIS TYPE OF BARRAGE BALLOON IS FOR TOWING ALONG AFTER TRUCKS TO STAVE OFF DIVE-BOMBING AND GROUND STRAFING
WELL, RIGHT NOW I'M GOING TO STAVE OFF BITE AND TONGUE-SCORCHING WITH A LOAD OF THIS MELLOW PRINCE ALBERT

PRINCE ALBERT'S SMOKING JOY PUTS PIPE-SMOKERS UP IN THE CLOUDS. THE RICH, TOBACCO-Y TASTE SURE IS THERE, BUT IT COMES THROUGH SO MILDLY!
WELL, THAT P.A. NO-BITE TREATMENT IS THE 'REAL McCOY'— AND THE CRIMP CUT SURE PUTS 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES ON EASY, FAST-ROLLING STREET

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

THIS WEEK

March 14, 1942

EDITORIAL ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This Is a Time to Get Mad..... 9

SHORT STORIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Smoke on the Horizon
George Harmon Coxe..... 13

A Girl Needs Background
Brooke Hanlon 30

"Bad Penny"—Liberty's Short Short
Walter C. Brown..... 48

SERIALS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Private Life of the New York Yankees—Part III
Waite Hoyt and Frank Graham 24

From This Day Forward—Part VI
Elswyth Thane 40

ARTICLES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

How Vulnerable Is Australia?
C. Hartley Grattan 10

Last-Minute Double Check for Your Income Tax
George E. Sokolsky..... 17

The Tenpins Go to Town
Ted Shane..... 19

Giggle-Gags from Hollywood
Howard Sharpe..... 20

Billy Mitchell's Sweet Revenge
Walter Karig 22

Man to Man.....*Gerald McCann*.. 39

FEATURES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This Man's War
Old Sarge 49

Vox Pop, 4; Pictures You Ought to See by Howard Barnes, 37; Liberty's Book Tip by Donald Gordon, 38; Crossword Puzzle, 50; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 53.

★ ★ ★ ★

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

★

COVER © WALT DISNEY STUDIOS

NEXT WEEK

March 21, 1942

MISSION TO MOSCOW

America's most sensationally successful non-fiction best seller during the opening months of 1942 has been JOSEPH E. DAVIES' Mission to Moscow. This revealing report of our former Ambassador to Russia—a record of confidential dispatches to the State Department, current diary, and journal entries, etc.—is "must" reading for every man and woman who would keep abreast of the times. Liberty brings you a generous condensation of it—a digest of its high lights—in two parts, beginning next week.

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE PEARL HARBOR

is an amazing and authoritative account of how seemingly innocent Japanese organizations within the U. S. A. secretly (and sometimes not so secretly) tried to pave the way for the assault which arrived on December 7. It names them, tells of the operatives who masqueraded in sober, prosaic jobs, presents an eye-opening picture of what they did. FREDERICK LEWIS related some phases of this in a recent issue. This is the climax of his findings. It's news!

DANGER! LOVE AT WORK!

What are today and the war doing to those people, still young, who only yesterday were so sure they knew what their lives were to be? What might happen to two of them if they found them-

selves mending a broken romance? SARAH-ELIZABETH RODGER makes this the theme of a completely captivating love story.

OTHER FEATURES: A Letter to Daddy from Baby Snooks, by FANNY BRICE, full of chuckles; Basketball's "Li'l Abner" (know who he is?), by JACK DEMPSEY with NED BROWN; more short stories, including a stirring tale of today's perilous sea lanes, by ALLAN R. BOSWORTH; new excitements in ELSWYTH THANE'S swift serial. . . . There's no room to tell the rest. See for yourself!

WHEN YOU HAVE A SMOKER'S COUGH-

IT'S TIME TO

Change to SPUDS

Enjoy Their Cooling Menthol —Give Your Throat A Rest!

When smoking gives you a hacking cough, change to Spud Imperials—the *mildly menthol*ated cigarettes! They're *specially designed* to protect your throat from irritation caused by ordinary cigarettes. Spud Imperials give you:

MILDER MENTHOL—Because *just enough* soothing menthol is distributed evenly throughout the cigarette by an exclusive patented process. *No menthol overdosing!*

GREATER SAFETY—Because the special moisture-retaining agent used in Spuds does not produce the common throat irritant present in the smoke of nearly *all other* cigarettes. And, because Spuds are 20% longer, you get a still cooler and better-filtered smoke.

EXTRA QUALITY—Because only finest vintage tobaccos—aged to perfect mellowness—are used in Spud Imperials. No coupons—*just fine tobaccos.*

Try new improved Spud Imperials for a few days. Or smoke them regularly, as thousands do—purely for pleasure. But *by all means* change to Spuds whenever your throat is irritated. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc.

20% More Length —equal to 4 extra cigarettes per pack!

THE WORLD'S COOLEST CIGARETTE

More aluminum up there, less in new telephones —for victory!
Many materials used in telephone making are listed as "critical" for war purposes. Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric have redesigned apparatus and changed manufacturing methods to employ available materials.
Take aluminum. The reduction in its use in a year's telephone output is enough to build 294 combat planes. This program has been replacing critical materials at an annual rate of 7,747,000 pounds. Though it grows steadily more difficult to maintain as shortages increase, the program helps to meet the greatest demand in history for military and civilian communication equipment.
"THOSE PLANES WILL HELP DADDY LICK 'EM!"
Western Electric
. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service

THIS IS A TIME TO GET MAD

☆ ANYWAY, these desperate days have given us one small grin.

While a war is fought by patient Englishmen, peace-loving Chinamen, Americans who thought they were too busy to be bothered, the fightin'est people of all—the south-of-Ireland Irish themselves—have carefully and (as these lines are written) successfully stayed out! They have their reasons, and forbearing men accept them. But it can't be gainsaid that Fate has placed them in a paradox. When a protest against the presence of Yanks in Erin comes from the government of Eamon de Valera —a man no stranger in the U. S. A., befriended and supported here—the gods must smile.

In medieval times men gravely debated how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. In our time one wonders how many neutrals can cling to the diminishing and uncomfortable pin point of nonbelligerency.

Switzerland sits on her mountain tunnels and threatens to blow them up if she is invaded. Sweden holds her breath; Turkey eyes her borders. Portugal, Spain in a manner of speaking—there are not many more. There may be fewer when you read this. For magazines, events have a way of crowding in between the times of writing and publication.

To the south of us a whole continent has turned away from neutrality. Some have thought our Mr. Sumner Welles slightly on the elegant side for a representative of Uncle Sam, but the all-but-complete anti-Axis victory at Rio de Janeiro was an event of which he was the hero. You have to hand it to him for that.

And the United States? Well, our neutrality was ended long before December 7.

We had debated and listened to Lindbergh and, some of us, thought there might be two sides to the question of war. While they could, the sanguine theorists hoped with Mr. Hoover that we could stay out and guide the world to a better day after the fighting was over. It was an honest hope, but the plan just wouldn't work. Hitler had made up our minds about that before Hirohito struck in the Pacific.

This is the twilight of the pacifist and the conscientious objector and the neutral. For better or worse, a day has come when the race *is* to the swift and the battle to the strong, and the future lies with the fighters. It is clear for all to see.

Jesus said, "Love your enemies"; but He also said, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." There was no pussyfooting or conscientious objecting when He drove the money-changers out of the temple. He was good and mad.

Right now is a time for men to be good and mad. If this old world is ever to have peace again, it's a peace that must be fought for.

With their number diminishing, the plight of the neutrals and all who do not fight is a riddle for future history to ponder. Will they turn out to be as wise as they are trying to be?

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HOW VULNERABLE

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

who in this timely article shows how pertinent to the war news is his eye-opening recent book, Introducing Australia. Several years ago he began a study of Australia's development. He is widely known as an American writer on world problems and as a biographer.

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

☆ FORTY years ago a Japanese prince, stimulated by American beer, said to a young American who eventually rose to a place of power in the world, "We Japanese have it all figured out just what we want in Asia, including Malaya and the Dutch Indies. But then we are up against a problem. Shall we turn west into Burma and India, or go south to Australia?"

The choice is no longer Japan's. Like every adventurer, she must knock out all her opponents. And Australia is an opponent of great importance. She is a partner of the British and Dutch in Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies. She is a major source of high-spirited and resourceful fighting men and of indispensable supplies in great variety. Moreover, she is now a collaborator with the United States in the Pacific war. Australia is almost certainly going to be a base for American operations in the western Pacific—perhaps the most vital base of all—the place where at first "a backstop of men, machines, ships, and matériel" will be built up, and, in the long run, a place from which offensive operations against Japan will be launched.

Every reverse in southeastern Asia and the islands—the Philippines, Malaysia, the Netherlands Indies, New Guinea—will increase the importance of Australia. The Japanese can have no peace while Australia stands firm. That she shall stand firm is now an American interest of the first importance.

In Australia the United States can assemble men and machines and supplies, sent there by the southern route to the western Pacific, which runs down through Pago Pago in Samoa (an American naval station for forty years) to New Zealand, and then across the Tasman Sea to Sydney and Australia's other great Pacific ports.

What has Australia to offer? The Australian continent is huge, about as large as continental United States. It is not all "good country," but the closely settled parts are extensive. There is an abundance of room to assemble, train, and harden the men after their long voyage from California. Already the Australians have built huge army camps—they have been at war over two years—and they can build more, particularly if assisted by American army engineers.

The Australians have food. It is food Americans eat. In normal times Australia exports vast quantities of wheat, meat, butter, fruit (both dried and fresh), and sugar. True, there are heavy demands upon the supplies for the Australian armies and civilians and for export to the United Kingdom.

S AUSTRALIA?

But shipping has been short and there is much in storage and even some bulky perishable stuff going to waste. If need exists, production can be stepped up. The reserves in New Zealand can also be drawn upon. While New Zealand is 1,200 miles away from Australia, that is a far shorter distance than the 7,500 miles from California. Put to it, Australia and New Zealand can feed large numbers of hungry men. But for Americans some things—coffee, for one—will have to be sent out. These people are tea drinkers.

Australia has factories. Few Americans yet understand the strength and extent of Australian industry. True, in peacetime it serves the needs of only 7,000,000 people. But Australia has that all-important thing, a steelworks—two of them, in fact. The works produce around a million and half tons of steel ingots a year. All kinds of factories using the steel have been established. Today, even though there are gaps and bottlenecks in the industrial set-up, Australia is the greatest British arsenal east of Suez. It manufactures not only shells but guns of all kinds, including Bren guns and antiaircraft guns. It builds airplanes. It builds ships, merchant and naval. It even builds many of the machines it needs to make war goods. Its textile industry is working full speed on war orders.

And Australia not only attends to her own needs: she also takes a vital part in supplying the British forces from North Africa to Malaya. Naval stores have gone from Sydney to faraway Malta in the Mediterranean. The demands upon Australian industry are exceedingly heavy and they have multiplied suddenly and enormously every time the war has spread into new areas. The Pacific war has thrown new burdens on the factories. So how far Australia can expand her industrial production to provide the war needs of American and other Allied forces in the western Pacific is a very difficult question. She will have to be given a helping hand, especially with equipment and supplies of metals she does not produce, like aluminum. This is the province of Lend-Lease.

Australia has trained men. Her soldiers, sailors, and aviators are not all at home, however. They are in Malaya, North Africa, Syria, on the Mediterranean, in England. Their exploits have been cheered around the world. These men probably total well above 100,000. Every one is a volunteer. Thus far in this war, as in the last one, no Australian has been conscripted for service outside the country. There are always reserves and new recruits for the overseas army in training in Australia. How many exactly is a military secret. In addition, there is a home-defense army, in which service is compulsory in wartime, numbering about 200,000. This force is now at full strength. The general mobilization call went out when Japan declared war. A conservative estimate is that the Australians can throw around 300,000 men—soldiers, aviators, sailors—into the actual defense of Australia.

Since early in the war Australia has been training aviators as part of a British Empire aviation scheme. Her small but highly efficient naval force has given the Italians some hot times in the Mediterranean.

The defense of Australia will be interpreted as meaning anywhere in the southwestern Pacific that vital operations are under way. Long since, the Australians promised to aid the Dutch in defending the Indies. Australian forces were sent to Singapore when war broke out. The Australian idea is to keep the actual fighting well away from Australia. But to fight in the Pacific war the Australians will need more equipment than hard-driven Australian industry can quickly supply, especially airplanes; above all, fighter planes.

Australian man power has its limits. Out of 7,000,000 people you cannot draw endless numbers of fighting men and, equally important, keep up the supply of skilled factory workers. Before the Pacific war broke out, Australia faced a man-power shortage in 1942. Only by ruthlessly closing down industries making no real contribution to the war effort, drawing all boys into industry as they came of working age, and bringing as many women as possible into the shops and factories, did she hope to keep up with the program she had set herself. The Pacific war has made the demands even heavier. A vast effort is

being made to replace three out of every ten men in the vital airplane industry with women. Every place a woman can serve, there one will work and a man will be released for heavier labor or the armed forces. But there are limits. And in the end the only way to beat the limits will be to draw men from overseas.

These then are Australia's strengths: She has plenty of room for fighting men from overseas; she has, with New Zealand, a supply of food; she can, with carefully planned help, do an important industrial job in addition to that already under way; and she is rapidly mobilizing her full man and woman power. Her fighting spirit and prowess are famous. Now she is a partner of the United States. The intimacy will grow. That the results may be good, the United States will have to support Australia against the common enemy. Prime Minister John Curtin has said, "The defensive interdependence of Australia and the United States has become a tangible thing." Americans cannot afford to sit back and say, "Oh, well, if everything else in the Far East goes, we can fall back on Australia. It's a big place with lots of resources." That can't be said. Australia has its limits, as has been stated. How vulnerable is it to direct attack?

☆ IN exact proportion as the war goes badly for the United Nations, the vulnerability of Australia increases. From the north and northwest, the Pacific islands serve as steppingstones from Asia. Every Japanese success in the Philippines, Malaya, the Netherlands Indies, and the little islands farther east in the Pacific, directly menaces Australia. That is why Australians have been sent to Singapore since the earliest days of the war. That is why Australians will fight in the Indies. That is why the Australians tensely watch General MacArthur's campaign in the Philippines. The best defense of Australia from everybody's point of view is to keep the Japanese as far north as possible.

Even in normal times the Japanese are nearer to Australia than most people realize. The "Japanese mandated" islands, which hang like a cloud between the United States and the Netherlands Indies, reach south almost to New Guinea, the eastern half of which, at this writing, the Australians hold. Already the Japanese have bombed points in New Guinea—and the Australians have bombed Japanese islands in full measure of return. The Japanese are perhaps going to try to take New Guinea as part of their campaign to drive a wedge between Australia and the British and Dutch centers of resistance to the north.

As long as the Philippines, Singapore, and the Netherlands Indies remained secure, the Australians had little reason to fear invasion. But with some or all of these in Japanese hands, the situation radically changes. The very points which, in friendly hands, were bases from which any Japanese expedition against Australia could be made impossibly risky, become in Japanese hands the points from which such an expedition can be launched. A direct Japanese attack on Australia is now far more a possibility than at any time in history.

Where would Japan hit at Australia and toward what objective? First, they would, if they destroyed the opposition to the north, seek also to destroy the Australian bases at Darwin, on the continent, and in the great island of New Guinea. Especially would they want to knock out Darwin, the point at which Australian defenses link up with the Dutch and British defenses to the northwest.

That these are Australian outposts must be emphasized. Their fall would not finish off Australia. Its heart is not in the north but far away, in the southeastern portion of the continent. Look on the map for such places as Newcastle, Sydney, Lithgow, Port Kembla, Melbourne, Geelong, Risdon, Adelaide, Port Pirie, Whyalla. These and other cities and towns—some of them brand-new war babies—are the industrial centers of Australia. In this same area are the most productive mines, farms, and grazing lands. If Japan is fatally to pierce the heart of Australia, she must go a long way, a thousand up to two thousand miles from Darwin and New Guinea, through harsh, dry, inhospitable country. There is today no railway which directly links Darwin to the industrial southeast, nor any road that will stand up under heavy military vehicles. From New Guinea, the Japanese would have to send their men and equipment in ships to a point on the northern Queensland coast and then fight their way southward hundreds of miles along the coastal railway through sugar-cane and grazing country toward the industrial centers. The northern railhead is at Cairns.

BRITISH-COMBINE PHOTO

Duck, Japs, duck! This "Aussie" has thrown his grenade at you! Now he's diving for cover.

I do not say that either operation is impossible. But neither would be child's play. The Australians would fight bitterly every inch of the way.

But that is not the only—perhaps not even the most likely—possible Japanese operation against Australia. If the Japanese get into a position to send sea raiders, submarines, and airplane carriers south of the equator in either the Indian or the Pacific oceans, especially the latter, or in both, Australia will be acutely menaced. Her great cities are mostly on or very near the coasts—places like Sydney with its 1,250,000 people and Melbourne with its 1,000,000. Australian industry is in the coastal cities and towns like Newcastle and Port Kembla. Disrupt a nation's industry and you weaken, even destroy, its fighting power. Every Japanese victory in the north contributes to cutting down the distance her ships must travel from Japanese-held bases. Given the chance, she will be throwing shells and bombs into Australia's coastal industrial cities.

☆ AND Japan will also try to cut Australia's overseas communications. Australia can do a lot for herself standing alone—perhaps not defeat Japan, but hang on for a long time. But Australia must not be forced to stand alone. To serve her own best interests and those of her allies, including the United States, she must have secure communications with the outside world by both the Pacific and the Indian oceans.

To get full use of Australia as a base, whether for defensive or offensive operations, the United States must help keep the sea approaches to Australia open. In the Pacific especially she must concede to Japan as few of the islands as possible, for through them Japan can send ships and planes to attack American vessels going along the great "fishhook" route south from California, to Pago Pago, New Zealand, and Australia. Every group of islands Japan gets eases her into a better position to do damage. A place, now apparently out of Japan's reach, which should be watched carefully is New Caledonia, a Free French possession about 700 miles off the Australian eastern coast. From it bombers could attack Australian cities and from the excellent harbor at Noumea, surface raiders and submarines could menace ships traveling between Australia and New Zealand.

Australia is a major ally of America in the Pacific war. If we want her co-operation in fullest measure, we must help her against the common enemy. We must help her on land, sea, and in the air, industrially and militarily, and with our naval power. It is plain as a pikestaff that if Australia should go, or even be effectively isolated by the Japanese, we would have access to no major base in the western Pacific. The war in the Pacific will be hard enough without that disaster.

THE END

SMOKE ON THE HORIZON

BY GEORGE HARMAN COXE

ILLUSTRATED BY L. B. GUSTAVSON

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

☆ HERE in the South Atlantic, Joe Bronson slept with one ear open, so that when he awoke suddenly to the din of the alarm gong, he stepped at once to the inner doorway and reached through darkness. When a thin blue spark licked across the switch, he knew the tubes would be warm in case he needed them, and then, as suddenly as it began, the alarm gong stopped and there was a momentary stillness all about him.

No longer was there any vibration beneath his feet, and he realized that the Penndara's engines had been rung down. He glanced at his strap watch as he felt for his trousers. Two ten. He fastened his belt, found his shoes under the cot, and pulled a sweater over his head.

He could hear voices now. Some one hailed the bridge and there was the sound of running feet on the deck outside. He stepped over the weatherboard, and stopped in the doorway. Life-jacketed figures were moving to lifeboats, already turned out in the davits; but Joe Bronson remained where he was, waiting for some word from the bridge, seeing the huddles grow larger about the lifeboat stations, and picking out number four, which was his own.

Staring forward, he made out moving shadows on the port bridge wing, and stepped away from the door, having no answer for the alarm, knowing only that they were five days out of Recife, bound for Capetown, that it would be a long haul to land in an open boat. The murmur of voices was louder as he approached the rail, one eye still on the radio shack, and he could hear Mr. Cobb, the third officer.

"Quiet," he was saying. "Quiet, please!"

"There's a ship out there, officer," some one said.

"No good yelling at her, is there?" Mr. Cobb said.

Then Joe was at the rail and a familiar voice was in his ear—a quiet, steady voice that even now sounded more curious than alarmed. "Can you make her out, Joe?"

It was Henri Martin, the Frenchman, and Joe grunted, not glancing round but straining through the darkness. He saw at last a long black streak upon the sea, and then, before he could identify it, a searchlight opened up a quarter of a mile away, and, though it was daylight all about him, he was blinded until the beam swept on, high-lighting the bridge wing and the Old Man and the first officer standing there, then sweeping back for a look at the Panamanian flag painted on the Penndara's waist. For another second or two it cut a silver swath upon the almost glassy sea; then darkness closed down again. Where the light had been there appeared a curling furrow of white water that angled closer until, veering off a hundred yards away, a ship took shape against the night sky—a long silhouette, streamlined but compact, its twin stacks rakish, a spotting plane snuggled on its catapult.

"A cruiser," Henri Martin said, and then, as a megaphone voice hailed the Penndara: "English, by the sound of him."

"Yeah," Joe said, and found his throat was dry.

It was all over in less than a minute. The cruiser, not identifying herself but asking where the Penndara was bound, wished the Old Man *bon voyage*, lifted her bow, and swung away to the eastward, leaving her white wake to dissolve upon the blackened sea.

"Well," Henri Martin said, his laugh a little shaky, "I feel better."

"You're not the only one," Joe said, and the others bore him out.

Behind him a ragged cheer went up, and he turned his back to the rail. Nickerson, the passengers' steward, and Mr. Cobb were herding the passengers below. Every one was talking now, excitedly, as people do when pent-up emotions are suddenly released. A woman laughed and some one said: "Sh-h, darling." Joe catalogued them all: the fourteen Free French in one group—all but Henri Martin—the six technicians from Can-

ada bound for Suez; the three missionary couples. All tucked in a freighter with passenger accommodations for twelve. Mr. Cobb, shepherding his charges toward the ladderway aft, chuckled at Joe.

"Some fun, eh, Sparks?"

"Some fun," Joe said, and walked toward the radio shack, aware now that a curious weakness had come over him and that his legs were shaky. He sneered at this and straightened, throwing off the spell, and in the shack he pulled the switch and lit a cigarette, inhaling hungrily.

Henri Martin was still at the railing. "It's sort of nice to know that chap's around," he said.

Joe moved up beside him, cupping his hand over the glowing end of his cigarette. "A fat lot of good he'll be to us tomorrow." He grunted softly. "And anyway, I still think you're nuts."

"I know," Martin said, "and you have a disconcerting way of closing an argument. This 'aw, nuts' of yours is rather discouraging."

Joe almost said it again, but stopped in time. "I can figure those other guys," he said, "even the missionaries. They've got a job they think they have to do and they're going to do it. Those Canadians are being sent to Suez, but they're at war. Those Frenchmen—sure. They've got families and relatives over there. They don't like that Vichy government and they'd rather fight with this guy De Gaulle than stick around Martinique and rot. But you—you're practically an American."

"I'm a Frenchman too, Joe."

"Ah-h—" Joe flipped the cigarette over the side and watched it vanish. He was tempted at that moment to turn away, to close the argument, as he had done before in the radio shack. But something made him pause. The sound of that alarm waking him up, the sight of that shadowy hulk out there off the port beam in those seconds before the searchlight went on, had unnerved him more than anything he could remember, and now, thinking, he had the desire to know what it was that made this man tick. There was something here he could not laugh off, and for the first time he wanted to understand why this was.

Seeing him standing there in the doorway on the morning of the second day out, a lean dark figure, quiet spoken and polite, he had put him down as a "ham," an amateur. He had noticed the limp as Martin moved in and introduced himself, the expensive tweeds, the platinum wrist watch. He had taken all this in with lifted brows and brushed the magazines off a chair so he could sit down. He had known then about the Free French group—and a seedy-looking group they were too—that had come aboard at Recife, but not until later did he know that Henri Martin had flown down from New York to join them and had been immediately elected their leader.

In his experience there had never been anything like this, and it took a while to make adjustments.

"You've taken out your first papers," he said. "In another year you'd be an American. You've been in the country since 1934. You're assistant art director of Reliance Films at big dough." He heard Martin deny this laughingly, but went on before he could be interrupted. "You went to this Saint Cyr Academy or whatever it is over there, to be a soldier, and a horse fell on you and you got your discharge. Two years ago you tried to enlist in Canada and they wouldn't take you, so you study to be a lousy radio expert so maybe you can go over like you're doing and get a job. And yet you ain't even got a family over there."

"I've got a couple of distant cousins," Martin said; "one in a concentration camp, and one who is still being held by the Nazis as a prisoner of war. I've some friends."

"So you're going back to fight for them."

"No; I'm going back because—Look, Joe. Would you fight if America were attacked?"

"Hell, yes. But that's different. If I have to fight, I have to fight. A guy does what he has to do. But I don't go around sticking out my neck just—"

"Yes," Martin said. "A guy does what he has to do."

"But you don't have to."

"I think I do. Just as you've decided that being the radioman on the Penndara is the place for you. This is your way of helping, though you won't admit it."

Joe almost said, "Nuts," but stopped and said, "Phooey," instead.

"These Panamanian ships have been torpedoed before."

"Not many of 'em," Joe said. "And one of those was armed. You don't see any guns on this baby."

"They'll arm them all eventually."

"Then I'll get me a berth on a coastal run or maybe the Great Lakes. There're angles to everything. I still can't figure yours, but if you want to know mine, I'll tell you."

"I wish you would," Martin said.

☆ JOE did not reply at once, but thought it over; for, though his scheme of things was sound to him, he had never confided in any one but once. To Jenny Cummings, who was small and dark and cuddly and who worked as a stenographer. There had been a place for Jenny in this scheme of things—not right away, of course, but later maybe, when this war business was over and a guy no longer had to worry about the draft, but could get back behind the wheel of a truck at thirty-eight fifty plus overtime, and look forward to a little business of his own some day. And so he told her how he had figured things, still remembering how she had moved back from the circle of his arm and looked at him. He had been furious then, and had argued hotly as he took her home; but when he had calmed down and telephoned again, she made excuses, and that told him what the score was.

But it helped sometimes to talk of things, and his was a lonely job now. So that was why Joe Bronson stood at the rail that night, staring sightlessly out across the smooth black sea, and spoke about his boyhood and the angles he had figured for himself.

He spoke briefly of his mother, who had died when he was very young, and of his father, a stevedore with a tricky temper and an unfortunate thirst for spirits. He told of selling papers and fighting for the best corners, always figuring the angles but never sticking out his neck when the odds were too great. He had learned early that it paid to be tough, to take what you could get, and never to forget to look out for number one; for, if you didn't, who would? He had had to fight for himself ever since he could remember, and he was proud of it now. He had gone through high school because he'd realized it would help him later on; and after one trip at sea he knew he could do better for himself on shore. And he had, hadn't he?

"You think I'm on this tub because I like it?" he said scornfully. "I'd rather be getting my forty bucks a week driving a truck. But they won't let me. Not now. If I drive a truck, it's got to be for the army at thirty a month. I could see this draft thing coming before they passed it, and I knew just where I'd be—class 1 A. Because I was twenty-two and rugged."

"You are young," Henri Martin said.

"What is that?" Joe said. "Sarcasm? Anyway, I got to beat it someway. So what do I do? Tear around to the Y. M. C. A. and enroll for a radio course. Now I've got an essential job. They'll never pull me in the army. I'm more important where I am."

"You could be torpedoed."

"I could fall off an army truck or get run over by a tank in some lousy maneuver, too. The difference is, I get about three times as much in bonus alone on this job as I would at full pay in the army. I'm making dough now. And I'm salting it, too. When this thing is over I'll have the down payment on a couple of trucks. So which is the best angle?"

"For you, this," Henri Martin said, and even in the darkness Joe could see the slow smile. "But you're still serving."

"Because I have to. It's either this or get drafted. But you—"

"I have to serve, too. Only with a bad leg and a flutter in your heart you don't have much choice."

"Nuts!" Joe said angrily. "You can't be drafted. You're not even physically fit. You could stay in Hollywood—"

"And my fourteen friends could stay safely in Martinique."

☆ THE things he had said and heard were still uppermost in Joe Bronson's mind as he drifted off to sleep, and the next thing he knew, the air about him was trembling with some frightful vibration and meaningless sound, and he was pitched to the floor in the darkness.

Blind instinct brought him to his feet. He looked up and saw the sky through a corner of the overhead. Silhouetted there was a gaping hole with ragged edges and a timber hanging crazily inside the room. Still numbed by shock, he managed to draw on shoes and trousers, hearing twin explosions from somewhere close by as he gained the deck.

Overhead the air tightened into a shrill high scream that sucked the breath from his body and shriveled his stomach. Then, as he flattened against the shack, the sea directly abeam burst into two crackling eruptions and subsided. He knew then what it was—yet, not believing, turned to starboard, away from the geysers. It was still dark, the sky leaden with reflection from the sun not yet up, and the water like slate. Upon it, moving slowly less than half a mile away, was the merchant raider, low in the water and black against the dawn.

Even as he stared at her, two red flashes licked out at him from bow and stern. This time there was no splash abeam, but the sound of muffled explosions somewhere below as the shots hammered at his ears. The Penndara shuddered and lurched. Then some one was running across the deck and the alarm gong was ringing. A hand fell on his shoulder, jerking him about, and Mr. Phinney, the second officer, was yelling in his ear, telling him not to touch the radio, then cursing with a terrible ferocity.

☆ AFTER that Joe got away from the radio shack fast, because he knew it was the nicest sort of target. He remembered stumbling down to the main deck and leaning against the bulkhead on the port side away from the shelling, cursing his helplessness and fighting the panic that sought to overwhelm him.

Then, abruptly, quiet fell about him and not even the alarm gong was ringing. For interminable seconds it lasted, as though every one was waiting for the next shot. When it did not come, he ran for the nearest passageway.

In an open doorway, three Canadians were bent over a fourth who was unconscious and bleeding badly from a gash in his head. In the opposite cabin, Mrs. Brewster, one of the missionaries, was crying softly, her fractured arm hanging limply as her husband tried to fasten on her life jacket. All about Joe Bronson there was noise and movement and curses and groans. And when he saw there was so little he could do, he went back to the radio shack, feeling weak and shaken and saying over and over, "The dirty cowards—the dirty cowards!"

The moment he reached the boat deck he saw the Morse blinker flashing on the raider. What he saw said: *Twenty minutes to abandon ship.*

So that's it, he thought, and moved to the radio shack, a little amazed to find it still intact except for the upper corner aft which the first shell had knocked off. Even the antenna was still up, and, throwing the switch, he heard the crackle of the spark and knew the set was still activated.

He packed a bag hurriedly and stepped back on deck, conscious of the

slight list. Already the crew and passengers were gathering at the abandon-ship stations. The starboard boat aft was smashed to kindling, but the forward one was ready and the wounded Canadian was being gently lifted into the stern sheets. Every one seemed calm now; there was little talking, no confusion. Two half-naked firemen staggered into view supporting a third between them and angling toward the port boats. Then, coming aft, Joe saw the three Free French. Two of them were fully dressed; the third, a slim dark figure in trousers and robe, had his arms around their necks, and though his legs moved, he carried little weight upon them.

Joe Bronson caught his breath. He said, "Henri," and stood stupidly, unable to move until they had passed into the shack.

"The transmitter," Henri Martin said, a hushed urgency in his voice. "It's working, isn't it? It's got to work!"

Joe said it was, and before he could go on Martin spoke in French and his two companions lowered him into the chair in front of the table.

"Wait a minute," Joe said, and an icy finger slid along his spine.

But they were talking in French again, all three of them, Martin's voice rising, curt and authoritative. His mouth was white now, but his eyes had sparks in them, and presently the others straightened and stepped back, their faces working silently with emotion. For a moment they watched him, one thick-set and no longer young, the other hardly more than a boy. Martin spoke once more. The thick-set man put a heavy automatic on the table near Martin's hand, and the boy watched, tears streaming down his cheeks; then, saluting stiffly, they were gone.

"You too, Joe," Henri Martin said, and smiled. "On your way."

☆ JOE wouldn't believe it. He knew what Martin had in mind, but it wouldn't work. It was crazy.

"You're nuts," he said.

"You've said that before." The voice was tired now. The bathrobe had come open slightly, and Joe could see that a towel had been tightly wrapped about his chest, a thick towel stained darkly all across the front. "The set will still work."

"No," Joe said. "Touch that, and they'll sink us all without trace."

Martin shook his head. "You don't understand, Joe. This is a raider. Remember the Zamzam? She'll take you all aboard and then she'll load supplies; she'd be crazy not to. I promise you not to touch the key until—"

"You think that cruiser'll find us?" Joe said. "You're crazy. She's a hundred miles away by now."

"Not from the course she took last night. But suppose she is. She carries a spotting plane. In less than an hour from the time I start sending, that raider will have the plane circling her, and don't forget the cruiser can move twice as fast."

Joe sat down, panic riding him. He had to hurry, but he had to show this crazy fool the angles were against him, that he'd be killed if he stayed.

"What happens to you when those Germans come aboard?"

Martin glanced at the gun. "I'll have time enough. The cruiser knows our course; I won't have to bother about position. And nothing much is going to happen to me now, Joe."

"No," Joe said. "They'll kill you. Don't you understand? They've got doctors on those raiders. Surgeons. They can fix you up if you—"

"Don't be a fool! Don't you think I know how it is with me? I'm through. I'm all gone inside. A half hour, an hour—what difference can it make to me?"

Martin shifted in his chair, pain streaking his face. "We figured this might happen. Three of us can operate this set, and if it did happen we had agreed to draw lots—if the radio shack remained intact. And it did, Joe. And now we don't have to draw lots. That's what makes it so easy. A man does what he has to do, you said. And who else is there now but you and me? Do you think I could do as much to help if I'd got to Suez? And you know what'll happen if I fail, too, don't you?"

"No," Joe said hoarsely. "I don't know. I don't know anything about it. I've got a job to do and I did it—"

"And I'm going to do mine. What about those six Canadians? And my friends from Martinique? Know how they got here? Six of them are from the cruiser Emile Bertin. The others came from a French cargo boat that the English brought to Martinique. Later the crew was sent to Martinique. They got hold of an old broken-down sloop. They spent three months patching it up on the sly, and they finally got away, sailing to Barbados for water and what supplies they could beg, and then to Trinidad, Georgetown, Belém, and on to Recife. Luckily I heard about them, and luckily I had money enough to help. That's how they got aboard, Joe. And you know what happens to them if the Nazis get them? They're deserters. They'll be stood up against a wall."

Martin was leaning forward now, holding to the edge of the table, a feverish intensity in his stare and in his voice. "What about the trucks and tanks and supplies we're carrying now? They're gone now, aren't they? But you don't care if this raider gets away and sinks a dozen more like us."

"Sure I care," Joe said, and stood up. He felt hot and miserable and his eyes were blurry. He didn't know what to say. He had a feeling there should be some other answer to this, but he couldn't find it. "All right," he said. "All right, if that's the way you want it."

"Good boy."

Joe glanced outside. The Penndara was down by the stern now but steady, and they were ready to lower away on the port lifeboat aft. That was his station, but it didn't matter, for there was still another. He looked at Martin, then dropped his eyes because he could not face the twisted grin. He wanted desperately to say something flip and comforting, but his heart was like a rock and all he could think of was: "You all right? You got everything you want?"

"There's one thing," Henri Martin said, though it must have been an

(*Continued on page 51*)

"It never fails! Every time you cook corned beef and cabbage—we're followed!"

CARTOON BY MAL

LAST-MINUTE

DOUBLE CHECK FOR YOUR INCOME TAX

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

"I'll go to bed as soon as we get dad's income-tax returns straightened out."

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ IT'S become a national habit, this annual sitting down and accounting to Uncle Sam. It used to be only the rich who had to do it, but every year more and more Americans fill out the income-tax returns, growl about them, try to chisel themselves into a lower bracket. And every time some one pulls a fast one he gets that smirk on his face, like the cat that swallowed the canary.

I'm not setting up as an income-tax expert. No, sir! It's the last thing in the world I'd want to try to expertize about. You've seen circulars, newspaper comments, bank notices, and all kinds of advices on what to do about your income tax and how to do it. In fact, if you earn $3,000 a year or less—that is, under sixty dollars a week—you can get a simplified form of the income-tax return all fixed up so that you won't have any trouble with it.

Then why, if I'm not going to be an expert, do I bother to write about the income tax at all? A pretty good question, that—unless you want to look over a few tips which I've picked up on the subject. They might save you a couple of dollars and lots of trouble.

For instance:

Don't ever try to swindle Uncle Sam. It can't be done. Somewhere along the line he'll catch up with you—and then the trouble will start for fair. He's got you covered in so many ways that even the smartest can't get away with it. They never could catch Al Capone for murder or racketeering, but they got him on the income tax. And they have got lots more on it. Don't try to pull any fancy ones on old Uncle Sam, and especially not in these war years when he needs the money and is in a hurry to get it.

At the same time don't pay too much. Uncle Sam does not expect you to pay a nickel over and above what the law requires. It costs money to check your mistakes and to send you a refund. The law gives you plenty of deductions. If you're entitled to them, take them. If you feel inclined to lend the United States Treasury some extra dollars, buy Defense Bonds.

Did you ever sit down and ask yourself if you really need to file a return? If you are single and make less than $14.42 a week ($750 a year), you do not have to file. If you are married and live with your spouse and make less than $28.85 a week ($1,500 a year), you do not have to file. Are you married, or are you the head of a family? You don't have to be married to be the head of a family. You can be a widow with dependents, or you can be a son or a daughter with a dependent mother or father. Every family is entitled to have a head, and that head has an exemption of $1,500 plus $400 for each dependent.

For this $400 credit, do not count your wife as a dependent; or if you are not married but are the head of a family, do not count as a dependent for the $400 credit that person who, because of his dependency on you, makes you the head of family. However, if you have more than one dependent, take $400 credit for every dependent after the first one. A little involved, but that's the law as recently changed. If you figure that you're the head of your family and that nobody else is making a similar claim, you might just as well take all the exemptions that are coming to you.

Uncle Sam is giving every individual who earned $3,000 or less in 1941 a break this year. That simplified form, which you may use if you do not have any extraordinary deductions, will save such individuals lots of time and maybe considerable money. In the long complicated form, if a fellow's wife had twins on December 24, he gets no credit for the extra two dependents. But the simplified form recognizes your status on the last day of the year, and the proud papa could take off an extra $800 in exemptions.

Remember your due date. Lots of people forget it. If you fail to pay on the right date, you have to pay interest. If you have the coin, it is smartest to pay it all in a lump sum. That saves bookkeeping and avoids penalties for late payments. However, if you're short of money you can pay in four installments.

Also note that you have to have your report notarized. You swear to it, and if you swear falsely you're in heaps of trouble.

Now I must get into something a bit controversial. That is the question of separate and joint returns. Some congressmen tried to make joint returns compulsory, but such a howl was raised that the idea was dropped. Some women who had large incomes said that they would have to divorce their husbands if they had to file joint returns. The point is that in the joint return, if the husband and wife both have large incomes, even from distinct sources and even if each keeps his or her own money, they get into high brackets and have to pay [illegible] surtaxes. They might [illegible] be broke because of this joint return. Of course, if one of them had had a big loss, there

would be an advantage in a joint return; but generally speaking, if both have bona fide separate incomes, a separate return is sounder.

You will be told that there are two ways of figuring your income tax. One is on a cash basis; the other is on what is called an accrual basis. You have to decide that when you make out your first income-tax form. Ordinarily, you have to follow the way you picked. If you want to change, you have to get permission from the tax authorities. The difference between the two is quite clear. If you figure your taxes on the cash basis, you calculate your income as money comes in and as you pay it out. If you get some money on December 31, you include it. If you pay out a deductible amount on that day, you deduct it. On the accrual basis, you include anticipated income and expenditures. The accrual basis is good for a business; the cash basis is better for individuals.

Now I want to ask you a question which some of you may regard as silly. You might say, "What's the use of asking me that? Of course, I know what an income is. Everybody does." Well, do they? Do you? Remember, you are only supposed to pay a tax on income. If you make a mistake about what an income is, you may pay too much or too little. Therefore, let's get it straight. What *is* an income?

☆ WELL, in the first place, a salary or a wage is income. So is a bonus. But what about a gift? What about a Christmas present from the boss or from your mother-in-law? Is there a difference between the boss or your mother-in-law? I mean, so far as income goes.

To put it straight, a gift is not income if it has something to do with love, affection, gratitude. When a husband gives it to his stenographer, there has to be evidence that it has to do with love and affection and is not for services rendered. A cash Christmas present from an employer is a bonus ordinarily, and usually this must be included in the income tax.

Dividends on stocks and interest on bonds must be included. Some government bonds are partially exempt. Don't guess; ask a broker or the government or a good accountant. The government gives advice free, but you might have to stand in line. A good accountant will charge a reasonable fee. Uncle Sam might not agree with your guess and he might try to collect just when your money is scarce.

If you have some property and collect rent, it is income. If you rent a room, you have to call it income. You may deduct interest on the mortgage, repairs, depreciation, but you cannot deduct a permanent improvement like putting on a new roof.

If board and lodging is provided as part of your pay, it is income. But if you don't want the board and lodging and only accept it to please the boss, and you can prove this, then it is not income. Ministers of the gospel are exempt for board and lodging if that is part of their pay, but if the minister gets cash to cover board and lodging, then he has to pay a tax. Queer? You ain't heard nothing yet!

All overtime is income, but if your boss gives you "supper money" it is not income. If you work for somebody else in your spare time, it is income. If you do some extra work at home and get paid for it, it is income. If you get money as a result of an accident, it is not income. If you win a breach-of-promise suit or a libel or slander action, it is not income. If you have a fire and you collect insurance, it is not income, but a profit on fire insurance is. And don't have a profit on fire insurance—you might go to jail for it.

If your family is on a budget and the husband gives the wife so much a week, it is not income to her. Nothing that a husband gives a wife is income—but some husbands and wives have relationships which are not figured in the matrimonial bond. Suppose the wife acts as the husband's stenographer and he pays her thirty dollars a week. That's income. So it is if a wife is a waitress in the husband's diner.

And let me tell you this: if you get some hot money, report it. Uncle Sam does not go into your morals. A robber must pay an income tax on the proceeds of his robbery; ditto a gambler; ditto a prostitute; ditto a tire thief.

You don't have to include proceeds from a life-insurance policy. If you get alimony, you don't have to pay on it (the poor guy who pays you can't take it off his tax either). Unemployment insurance; inheritances; returns of loans; gifts of a bona fide character; supper money from the boss if it is not included in overtime money; Social Security or old-age benefits—none of these need be included. And pensions to the veterans of the United States army and navy or to soldiers' widows need not be included.

There is a surprising number of deductible items, and you ought to know of them. Any money you spend directly in connection with earning your living is deductible. For instance, a traveling salesman or a doctor and all such people can deduct their cost of operations, including the use of their automobiles. They can deduct the cost of gas, oil, garage, etc. But you can't deduct carfare or commutation to and from your job. And anybody who spends entertainment money to earn a living can deduct what he spends. But there is no use calling a swindle sheet a correct entertainment account. Uncle Sam might check up. Nevertheless, if you're a salesman and you take a buyer to the night spots, you can make the deductions.

☆ A SMART man keeps records. He keeps them for five or six years. He keeps his checkbooks to show real expenditures. No smart man tries to fake his records.

You're entitled to deductions if you suffer losses by acts of God, like a tornado, an earthquake, heavy rains or droughts, etc. I don't know whether losses through bombings come under this heading.

Union dues and initiation fees are deductible; but lodge dues, social-club dues, and almost all other kinds of dues which are not connected with your trade or business are not. Maybe the unions are exempted to encourage laborers to join them.

If you donate to recognized charities, you can deduct the amount. A recognized charity is one that is pretty well known. However, if you choose to send a boy through college, to give a relative a hand-out, or to finance an organization to advertise yourself, that isn't a recognized charity and you can't get away with a deduction. If you want to deduct a bad debt in any given year, you have to be sure that it is bad in that year. You have to be able to prove that you tried to collect it and that the moocher refused or was unable to pay. Wise guys sometimes try to give themselves a flock of bad debts by fixing it up inside the family. The government is on to that one. Don't try it. But you can deduct interest paid on mortgages and loans.

☆ YOU can deduct taxes if you have already paid them—that is, state income taxes (not federal), some sales taxes, real-estate taxes on your home, admission-to-the-movie taxes, the automobile license, etc. Smart folks keep a record. If that is too much trouble, make a reasonable guess. But remember, in a guessing contest the United States Treasury has the last word.

If you get held up by a robber, if your jewelry is stolen, if somebody steals your car or your tires, you are entitled to a deduction. But don't try to take it if you are insured against thefts, because then you would be trying to get your benefits twice.

Don't try to deduct medical expenses. Uncle Sam will make an allowance if a machine breaks down, but not if the citizen goes geflooey. You can get an allowance if the teeth in your saw go bad, but not if your own teeth do. If you are a photographer, you can get a deduction on a camera's depreciation, but no one can get a deduction on the depreciation of the life of a movie star. It is just nondeductible hard luck if she goes stale in two or three years.

You cannot deduct any personal or living expenses. You can, if you have to travel for a living, deduct the expenses of the trip, but if you take your wife or a friend along, you certainly cannot include them as an expense. They are supposed to be pleasure.

I have given you no advice about what to do about profits and losses on stocks, bonds, and business ventures because that is a very complicated matter. If you're that kind of plutocrat in these times, you had better hire an accountant.

There is one last point I wish to make. If you pay graft, you cannot deduct it as a legitimate expense, but if you make a profit out of graft or gambling or other malfeasances, you have to pay a tax on the profit. If you want to be a crook, remember, they'll get you coming and going.

THE END

THE TENPINS GO TO TOWN

BY TED SHANE

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ I HAD dinner with some good friends of mine recently, and during the meal their aging relative known as "Grammaw" asked to be excused. In a few moments she reappeared in a shortish skirt, sweater, and coat, carrying a canvas case containing a roundish object. I blinked.

"It's Thursday night, you know," my host explained. "The Dodgers are bowling the Giants down at the Roxy Recreation Alleys. Grammaw bowls anchor man for the Dodgers. Averages 180, too."

After dinner we went around to the Roxy Recreation ourselves. Bowling being a Family Game, we took Mama, Papa, Junior, and the Baby. Parking Baby with a ball to amuse herself, Mama proceeded to shellac Papa, Junior thereafter disposing of Mama.

Today there is nothing more domestic than the art of crashing tenpins. In 1932 there were only about 25,000 bowlers around the country hooking balls down about 300 alleys. Today there are over 15,000,000, and more than 6,000 alleys. In case you are thinking of making your fortune, a pair of alleys will set you about $3,000 minus the chrome-and-leather gadgets. But you'll make money, I warn you. Colonel Stoopnagle of the radio has set up a magnificent bowling center near Norwalk, Connecticut. The place is so jammed from morning to night to morning again that there is barely room for the colonel's gags.

But you don't have to be a radio comedian to run a successful keglers' heaven. The country blooms with Recreations, as the old-fashioned bowling academy is now called. There are neighborhood emporia, with two or four alleys; Hollywood has a star-studded one with fifty-two; while Atlanta, Georgia, boasts the largest installation in the world. It contains no less than 101 alleys!

Look into the average bowling plant of today. Gone are the ancient spittoon, the perfume of nickel cigar and profanity, and the barfly. In the two-toned powder rooms the girls lecture their two-year-old children on correct procedure and each other on how to get the 7 and 10 pins for a spare.

Opening at nine, the neighborhood establishment soon begins to swarm with busy housewives getting in their morning exercise before they visit the Super-Market. This is the Housewives' League. Some like to bowl afternoons. There are uniformed attendants in some alleys to keep the junior miss from tumbling out and crawling down the alley. Naturally there is a rush to get home to put on supper for daddy. Sometimes daddy rushes right to the alleys after work, joining his loved ones in a hot supper right at the alley end and spending the evening tumbling timber.

"In time they'll be shoulder-to-shoulder with men." Why delay, men? Look at Marjorie Rondel

Colonel Stoopnagle's alleys make a specialty of food. His menu features a charcoal-broiled steak, of which it says: "Our steaks are very prou l of us. They say we are tender and juicy and so they make a specialty of us. Take a shot at one of our steaks; you won't be sorry and we're sure the steak will appreciate it immensely. . . ."

At the gigantic city alleys, no matter how vast, there are always people waiting. The Housewives' League gives way to the Young Sweater League just after five in the afternoon, as the offices and shops close.

About eight thirty the lords and masters of bowling arrive, and the nose-powdering slackens. The more hardened of these gents stick at it till about two or three in the morning and have even been known to keep a-bowling all night, going to the office after a shower at the alleys. In New York the chorus girls come in toward midnight. The Capitol alleys on Broadway fairly bristle with celebrated actresses like Tallulah Bankhead, Betty Grable (if she's in town), Carmen Miranda (she bumps as she dispatches the ball), and Ann Corio (in shorts—yummy!).

At this point it might strike you that bowling must be as modern as the popsickle. Actually the old Wagnerian gods bowled. The game's known to have been around for 2,000 years. Martin Luther was a crack bowler; and they tell of Drake knocking down a few on the green at Plymouth Hoe when the Spanish Armada was announced. "We'll finish the game," Drake said, "then the Spaniards!"

The Dutch imported the game to America, playing it outdoors around

(Continued on page 38)

GIGGLE-GAGS FROM HOLLYWOOD

BY HOWARD SHARPE

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

BETTY GRABLE

☆ IT was four in the morning when the drunk, staggering into a cocktail bar, found a discarded early-edition newspaper on a table and opened it to the want ad section. After reading one of the ads he leaped up, dived for the exit, and took a cab at once to the address listed on the advertisement. This turned out to be a large apartment hotel in New York's Sixties. The drunk stood on the pavement outside and began to shout, "Cunningham! *Cunningham!*" until the entire neighborhood was awake. At last a head emerged from a window.

"What in heaven's name do *you* want?"

"You Professor Cunningham?" asked the drunk.

"Yes. What about it?"

"You advertise for a companion to go with you on an exploring expedition to North Africa?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the drunk, "I just wanted to tell you I can't make it."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

☆ TWO frogs sat on a lily pad. "My goodness, you're hoarse tonight," one said to the other.

"Don't I know it," the second frog answered plaintively. "I've got a man in my throat."

JEFFREY LYNN

☆ A CLUBWOMAN went one afternoon to the local insane asylum to bring cheer to the mentally sick. In one room she observed a man holding a stick, to which was tied a piece of string. He was dangling this in the sink.

"Well, my good man," the clubwoman said brightly, "and what are *you* doing?"

"Fishing," he answered, not looking around.

"That's fine," she said. "Are you catching anything?"

He gave her a baleful glance over his shoulder. "Don't be silly. In the *sink?*"

Above, from left to right, are Robert Taylor, Hedy Lamarr, Walter Pidgeon, and Dorothy Lamour, whose own special funny-bone ticklers appear on this page.

ROBERT TAYLOR

☆ IT was almost four in the morning when John got home from his poker game. Shoes off, he was tiptoeing down the hall past his wife's bedroom when a board creaked.

"Is that you, John?" his wife called.

There was a short brooding silence. Then—"It darned well *better* be!" John said.

HEDY LAMARR

☆ ONE afternoon, while three hermits were sitting in their community cave, a beautiful girl and her setter went past the entrance.

A year later the first hermit remarked, "Some girl!"

Another year went by. Then the second hermit said, "And some dog!"

Whereupon the third hermit got up disgustedly. "I'm getting out of here," he said. "All this chatter is driving me crazy."

IDA LUPINO

☆ AN insignificant little man with a melancholy mustache and watery eyes approached the circus manager. He said he had an act.

"See that thousand-foot tower? I'll jump off of it, landing on my head on that cement block underneath it."

"Go away," the manager said. "I'm too busy to bother with screwballs."

But a few minutes later some one screamed and, looking up, he saw the man on the tower, preparing to jump.

"*Don't do it!*" yelled the manager.

"This is what I mean," came the faint answer—and a moment later the little man hurtled downward, hitting the block head-first. After a moment he picked himself up, shook his head, and started to walk away.

The manager ran to him and grabbed his arm. "That's a wonderful act. You're hired."

"I've changed my mind."

"But you've *got* to sign!" the manager howled. "You're sensational! I'll give you five thousand a week."

"No."

"But you offered me the act! What's the trouble?"

"Well," said the little man, rubbing his forehead, "you see, that was the first time I ever tried it, and it gave me a bit of a headache."

WALTER PIDGEON

☆ NEW YORK's East Side was cold and rainy this particular Christmas Eve. A downtrodden bum, named Jake, made his way along the sidewalk. He was hungry, damp, tired, and penniless; but he was going somewhere. Flaubert's Flossy Flophouse, to be exact. Jake had spent many a quarter at Flaubert's in times past, and he was pretty sure that Flaubert was good for a night's lodging and maybe even a cup of coffee for old times' sake.

Flaubert was behind his table in the evil-smelling hall, but not in a sentimental mood. "No quarter, no flop," he said unequivocally. "However, here is a letter that came a coupla weeks back. For you. I saved it."

Jake read the letter. A firm of solicitors begged to inform him that he had inherited $4,000,000 from a maiden aunt in Australia, the bulk of the estate being in cash, United States bonds, and sundry negotiable securities. When he had finished reading, Jake replaced the letter in its envelope, cast a wistful look at Flaubert, shrugged at the answering scowl, and went out into the night again.

He walked until he reached a bridge which spanned the East River. Standing at the rail, he was suddenly overwhelmed by his ill luck. No friend in the world to call his own, an empty stomach, no chance to get a job, and now not even a break from Flaubert! On Christmas Eve, too. Why go on? Why, indeed? Jake climbed the rail and cast himself into space.

Halfway down, his eyes suddenly opened wide. He raised his hand, poked himself in the chest with his forefinger, and said, "Who, *me*?"

DOROTHY LAMOUR

☆ TWO old gentlemen in wheel chairs on the porch of a resort hotel got into conversation.

"What's your trouble?" asked one.

"Can't walk. Got rheumatism," replied the other. "Tried everything for it, but nothing helps."

"Then let me tell you about the wonderful Recluse of Waste Mountain," the first O. G. said. "I couldn't find a cure for rheumatism either, until five years ago I heard about this fellow. . . . I fitted out a safari and crossed the Gobi Desert. Had myself carried up to the baldest peak you ever saw. Here was this hermit, all hair and eyes, and he took one look at me and pointed his finger and yelled, 'You are cured! Throw away your left crutch!' "

"You didn't do it, did you?"

"I threw it on the ground. Then the hermit pointed at me again and yelled, 'Now throw away your right crutch!' "

"Did you do it?"

"Yes."

"And then what happened?"

"I fell flat on the ground."

JUDY GARLAND

☆ THE little boy was late for school. Running frantically, he closed his eyes tightly and muttered, "Please, don't let me be late! Please, make me be on time! Please. I—"

Suddenly he fell in a mud puddle. Getting to his feet, he raised his eyes to the heavens. "O. K.," he said. "I didn't ask Ya t' *shove* me, did I?"

THE END

"The records in the Mitchell case are secret." Here is an artist's conception of Billy's court-martial in 1925.

BILLY MITCHELL'S SWEET REVENGE

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ IF Billy Mitchell ever gives thought from up yonder to the world he departed six years ago, the good Lord will excuse him for saying, "I told 'em so." For it was he who, in 1920, demonstrated the vulnerability of warships under bombing attacks from airplanes; who wrote that this generation "will see aeronautics become the principal means of national defense"; who talked out in such righteous wrath against the hidebound high commands of the army and navy that he was court-martialed.

Today everything that he foretold and demonstrated has come true. Warfare has proved him right, and for its refusal to heed him then, the United States has paid a staggering price at Pearl Harbor and in the Philippines. His revenge was brought nearer, though by no means made complete, when the Air Corps was given its independence within the organization of the War Department and placed under the command of two men who, in 1925, risked their military careers to testify in his behalf.

The brass hats will still tell you that Mitchell was not prosecuted for what he said but for the way he said it. He was not stripped of rank, command, and pay for trying to get control of aviation out of the hands of generals who still thought of warfare in terms of brilliant cavalry charges, and of admirals whose thinking had run aground in 1898. Oh, no! He was punished for what President Calvin Coolidge smugly described as "breathing defiance to his military superiors." Superiors in rank, that is.

Humiliate him they could, to the extent that he resigned from the army he had entered as a buck private by enlistment in 1898, at the age of nineteen, to become the youngest commissioned officer in the Spanish War. He was no West Pointer, you see, and that too must have galled the gold-braided graduates of the service academies when he as much as accused them of murder for sending young pilots aloft in obsolete crates.

They could humiliate him, yes; but prove him wrong they could not. They could break his heart but not his reputation, which now stands as high as airplanes can fly, anchored as deeply as warships can sink. The posthumous generalship awarded him by Congress adds nothing to his luster.

Today the autonomous "Army Air Force" has as its commander Deputy Chief of Staff Major General Henry Arnold, who as a mere major sixteen years ago knowingly risked his career to be a volunteer witness in Mitchell's behalf. Arnold's first executive assistant and Chief of Air Staff, now heading the Air Force combat command, was Brigadier General Carl Spaatz. He also was a major in 1925, and he likewise stepped up to the witness stand to tell the brass hats that Mitchell was right.

Both knew what they were risking: retarded promotion and bad assignments. That had been demonstrated just before Mitchell's court-martial. For testifying before Congress, during study of the annual military appropriation bill early in 1925, against the small sum allotted military aviation by the high command, Mitchell had been stripped of his temporary title of brigadier general, demoted to colonel, and exiled in Texas.

It took time and patience and faith in their own convictions for Mitchell's defenders to come out on top. Meanwhile, his detractors got handsome treatment. The trial court was composed of four major generals, five brigadiers, and one colonel. The brigadiers were promoted to major generals before they retired, and so was the colonel. But Colonel Herbert A. White, who was assigned to defend Mitchell, remained a colonel to the end of his career.

Of the court's ten members, there are only five survivors, all retired and on the inactive list, although one of them is still pretty active as Field Marshal of the Philippine Army. He is Douglas MacArthur, who has amazed the world with his resistance against Japanese invaders ten times as strong as his army on land and having complete mastery of the air. (Had he had a few bombers to use against the Jap transports . . . !) The others are Major Generals Frank R. McCoy, Edwin B. Williams, Ewing E. Booth, and Blanton Winship.

Whether all of them voted for Mitchell's conviction is not a matter of record. Seven votes out of the ten were needed to find him guilty, but the ballot was secret. It is mathematically possible that a majority of the survivors voted to acquit him.

Of the witnesses for the prosecution, however, there are many still on active duty in the army and navy. Mitchell's chief prosecutor, too, is alive and active, and he rose to supreme command of the administration of military justice as Judge Advocate General. He is Major General—then Major—Allen W. Gullion, now Provost Marshal General.

Among the witnesses whose testimony convicted Mitchell are the following, with the rank and responsibility each held at the outbreak of the war. Since then, army and navy assignments are necessarily secrets:

Lieutenant General Hugh A. Drum, commanding the First Army, with corps headquarters at Governors Island, New York, so far advanced in seniority that he is virtually a law unto himself in the military world;

Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair, G. H. Q. chief of staff;

Major General George V. Strong, commander of the Eighth Army Corps with headquarters at Brownwood, Texas;

Brigadier General Francis B. Wilby, commanding the First Corps Area at Boston, Massachusetts;

Colonel Jarvis J. Bain, staff officer, Second Army, Memphis, Tennessee;

Captain John T. G. Stapler, U. S. N., chief of staff and aide to the commandant of the Third Naval District, New York;

Captain Kenneth Whiting, U. S N., general inspector of naval aircraft, eastern division;

Captain Holden C. Richardson, U. S. N., Naval Bureau of Aeronautics;

Commander Frederick W. Pennoyer, Jr., commanding the Support Force, Atlantic Fleet.

Some of those who testified against Mitchell and are now retired still wield considerable influence. Major General William J. Snow writes for military journals. Rear Admiral William V. Pratt retired with the title of full admiral and now writes, lectures, and broadcasts on naval topics.

On the other hand Mitchell's defenders have come through to win control of military aviation, by and large. Besides Arnold and Spaatz, they include, as of their prewar status:

Major General Gerald C. Brant, commanding the Gulf Coast Training Center, Randolph Field, Texas;

Major General John F. Curry, commanding the Second Air Force at Spokane, Washington;

Colonel Frank M. Kennedy, chief of building and grounds, Army Air Forces;

Lieutenant Colonel Harold L. George, executive officer, Second Bombardment Wing, Langley Field, Virginia.

There may be others on both sides. The records in the Mitchell case are still kept secret by the War Department, wherefore research is limited to newspaper accounts of the trial, which opened in Washington on October 27, 1925, and lasted two months.

Mitchell was tried for insubordination in an atmosphere such as might have pervaded the trial of Joan of Arc for witchcraft. According to Richard L. Stokes of the Washington Star, a mistrial was nearly won when General Edward L. King, one of Mitchell's judges, audibly called some of Mitchell's testimony "damned rot," for which he was required to apologize to the defendant's counsel!

General Arnold nearly exposed himself to a military indictment when he testified that of the 517 army aviators killed between January 1, 1917, and July 30, 1925, 505 had met their deaths when obsolete planes cracked up. General Spaatz's testimony was to the effect that the army did not possess a single pursuit plane fit for war service, and that among other things lacking was a gunnery range for the army's aviators to practice on.

Billy Mitchell should have known what he was talking about. He had been the first flying officer of the A. E. F. to cross the German lines—just two weeks after we declared war in 1917. He had won the Croix de Guerre with five palms, the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and our own Distinguished Service Cross.

Having predicted that aviation would become the deciding factor in future wars, he advocated merging the Navy and War Departments into a single Department for National Defense, with three subordinate branches for the army, the navy, and aviation. A lot of experts think he was right as of today, and a somewhat larger number, equally expert, think such an arrangement might help in peacetime but wouldn't work so well in wartime.

What got the navy down on Mitchell, however, was what he did—not what he said or the way he said it. The airplanes-vs.-battleships controversy was academic until, in 1920, the navy turned over a small flotilla of captured German vessels for his use as targets, off the Virginia capes.

Billy Mitchell's aviators made short work of the German destroyers. The cruiser Friedrichshaven and the battleship Ostfriesland were reduced to barely floating hulks. Lieutenant Dick Aldworth sent the Ostfriesland down, until her decks were awash, with a 600-pound bomb dropped smack into a funnel. The navy boys said that hit was an accident to begin with, and anyhow the battleship would have driven so low-swooping an airplane off with machine guns.

The navy now wishes that had proved true at Pearl Harbor!

Finally a 600-pounder was dropped 500 feet from the battleship's side. It exploded under water, the concussion breached her thin underwater side, and she sank Again the navy boys yelled. Just an accident! So the aviators sank the cruiser the same way.

"I guess that settles it," said Mitchell. Nonsense, said the navy, and the army bigwigs too. What did it settle to drop bombs on a defenseless hulk and sink it? . . . One wonders what those critics honestly think, if they are thinking at all, these days.

Anyhow, all that his demonstration got Mitchell was demotion to a colonelcy and an obscure post in Texas, by order of Secretary of War Weeks. Then came the disaster to the dirigible Shenandoah, and Mitchell issued a public statement practically accusing the brass hats of having caused the deaths of the fourteen who had perished while barnstorming through bad weather to provide thrills for Congressional constituents. Threatened with disciplinary action, he retorted that this was done because what he had said "hurt the bureaucrats in Washington, and it ought to hurt them, because it is true."

He called the administration of aviation "incompetent, criminal, almost treasonable," and said, "Our pilots know they are going to be killed, if they stay in the service, in the old flaming coffins we still are flying." So there was no way to shut him up except to crush him and chuck him out of the public service. The trial followed. He resigned, and went to raising horses in Virginia. The writer owns one, and a good one, of his breeding and training.

Two years ago the navy had to swallow a lot of its pride when the then Secretary, Charles Edison, came back from the Pacific maneuvers with Admiral Ernest J. King, now Commander in Chief of the Navy, to announce that, as far as they were concerned, the ancient controversy was settled in aviation's favor. All battleships then building, and all to be built thereafter, would have to have their superstructures redesigned to afford more protection against aircraft, and their antiaircraft equipment vastly increased. Billy Mitchell was right.

But he was also right in view of the costly battles of Pearl Harbor, of Manila, of Narvik and of Crete, of Dunkirk, and of every other engagement where mastery of the air has decided the fate of vessels on the water. His triumph is complete; through vindication his revenge is sweet—but all this is for others to enjoy. Billy Mitchell, his pinions clipped, died a farmer on February 19, 1936.

THE END

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE

Waite Hoyt, co-author of this series, whose secret of success was: "Get a job with the Yanks." Below: Yankee Stadium in full blast!

NEW YORK YANKEES

American saga, 1903-1942 . . A great ball team's life story, told from the inside

BY WAITE HOYT AND FRANK GRAHAM

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Just twenty years ago, unruliness among the Yankees was a headache for Ruppert and Huston and for Miller Huggins. On a pre-season trip the players found themselves under the eye of a detective hired to "curb their social activities." Then their 1922 season opened with Ruth and two others suspended for six weeks by Landis. Even so, they won their second pennant, though not the World Series.

By the spring of '23 their own Stadium was ready. Friction between the owners led to Ruppert's buying Huston out. A bright season followed, ending with the Yankees victorious over the Giants, and world champions. A promising youngster, Lou Gehrig, had joined them, and his batting had amazed even Ruth.

But in '24 they slipped, and in '25 they tumbled. Ruth wasn't relishing orders from Hug, who was resolved that the Babe must be disciplined. The eventual result came one day in St. Louis—"a smashing climax that reverberated across the land."

PART THREE—WHEN THE BABE THROVE ON DISCIPLINE

☆ IT was precipitated by the Babe's violation of the 1 A. M. curfew. And then, by way of aggravating the offense, he arrived late at the ball park that afternoon. The Yankees were taking batting practice and the only ones in the clubhouse were Huggins and Hoyt, who was going to start the game.

"Sorry, Hug," the Babe said as he bustled in. "I had some business to attend to."

He threw his coat across the bench in front of his locker, and was ripping off his tie.

"Don't bother to uniform today," Hug said in a cold flat voice.

The little manager's knees were shaking. This was the showdown, and he was fighting to control himself.

The Babe whirled to face him. "Now what's the matter?" he boomed.

"You know what's the matter! And I'll tell you something else."

The words were coming hard now.

"I'm sorry, Babe. . . ."

And then, with a great effort:

"You're fined $5,000 and suspended indefinitely."

Ruth's face darkened with anger. "You'll never get away with that!" he roared. "I'll never play another game for you! I'm through with this ball club!"

"Have it your own way," Huggins said, stalking from the room.

The Babe was on a train for New York within the hour. He would see Barrow. He would see Jake—meaning Ruppert, of course. He didn't know that Huggins had called Barrow before taking action, and that Barrow had said, "It's all right with me. Only, you must make the fine stick."

"I will," Hug had said. "I've got to."

The Babe, reaching New York, found that Ruppert and Barrow were solidly behind Huggins. He came out of a conference with them thoroughly chastened. The suspension was lifted shortly—although the fine stuck—and the Babe began to hammer the ball. He had been hitting only .246 at the time of the flare-up, and he ended the season with a mark of .290. But there was nothing he or anybody else could do to help the Yankees that year, and they wound up in seventh place.

In the spring of 1926 at St. Petersburg, Huggins set about rebuilding his team. He had Ruth, Combs, and Meusel in the outfield, Gehrig at first base, Dugan at third, Bengough back of the bat, and a pitching staff augmented by two crafty veterans, Urban Shocker and Dutch Ruether. But guarding second base were two bushers: Mark Koenig from St. Paul, who had finished the 1925 season at shortstop, and Tony Lazzeri, up from the Pacific Coast League, at second. On these two men the fate of the Yankees rested. "If they stand up, we'll win the pennant," Huggins said.

The critics picked the Yanks to finish sixth. The players, however, believed in Huggins. The team got off to a good start and rushed into the lead. Lazzeri, although he never had seen a major-league game until that spring, not only played his own position well but was a peep for Koenig, a high-strung kid who sometimes bobbled easy chances.

Ruppert was happy again. His box was filled with friends every day and he took delight in explaining everything to them. Running over the line-up one day, he said:

"That Gehrig, now. A great boy. He'll be a great player. Lazzeri—we call him Poosh-'Em-Up Tony. At shortstop there's Koenig. He's pretty good, but sometimes the ball rolls up his sleeves."

Just then the batter hit a grounder to Koenig. The ball ran up his left arm, spinning its way under the sleeve of his shirt. It never had happened before—none of the Yankees ever had seen it happen to anybody. But the Colonel was almost delirious with joy. For once he overlooked an error.

"See!" he chortled. "What did I tell you? Up-the-Sleeves Koenig!"

The early lead taken by the Yankees saved them in the closing days of the race. Hard pressed by the Indians, they barely managed to stagger home, a game pitched by Ruether in Cleveland two days before the season ended really deciding the long struggle in their favor.

In the World Series with the Cardinals, they were leading, three games to two, when the teams returned from St. Louis to the Stadium. Huggins called on Shawkey to clinch the championship, but Bob was no match for Grover Cleveland Alexander that day; the Cardinals won, and the Series went to the seventh game. It was in the final game that Alexander, called in as a relief pitcher, struck Lazzeri out with two out and the bases filled, thus performing one of the most dramatic feats in World Series history. Few remember, however, that the second strike on Lazzeri was a long drive that looked like a sure home run when it left the bat, but was blown foul as it soared into the right-field stand. Had that ball landed in fair territory, Lazzeri would have been the hero, not the goat, of the Series.

The defeat was depressing to the Yankees, who had been so very sure of winning. They berated themselves unsparingly for their lapses that had made it possible. But by the spring of 1927 the effects of it had worn off and their spirits ran high again. Ruppert, watching Huggins and the players at work, was optimistic. Everybody seemed to sense that this was to be a great year.

It was a greater year than the club had ever known. The Babe and Gehrig hit homers all over the lot. Koenig was now a fine defensive shortstop. Infield and outfield clicked. The defense was toughened by the acquisition of Wilcey Moore as a relief pitcher; he did the mopping up as the team rolled along. So many games were won in the late innings that Combs called these rallies "five-o'clock lightning" and enemy pitchers grew to fear the coming of five o'clock and the eighth inning. All resistance was beaten out of the opposing teams by the Fourth of July, which the Yankees celebrated at the Stadium, crushing the second-place Senators in both games of a double header by scores of 12 to 1 and 21 to 1.

No feat seemed beyond the Babe. One day in Chicago the Yanks were hooked up in an overtime game and Mark Roth was in a stew because they had planned to make a seven-o'clock train for New York. He went down to the bench and said to Huggins, "If it isn't over in this inning, we'll blow that train."

The Babe, just starting for the plate, heard him. "Take it easy," he said. "We'll make it."

He hit a home run over the right-field pavilion. The Yankees made the train. Mopping his brow as he climbed aboard, he said to Mark, "Why didn't you tell me about this earlier? I could have saved you a lot of worry."

They won 110 games, losing but 44, and captured the pennant by seventeen games. They terrorized the Pirates, National League champions, by a display of their power in batting practice the day before the World Series opened—and won the Series in four games. The cry of "Break up the Yankees!" was heard for the first time.

In the early spring of 1928 Ruppert had a problem on his hands. The players were yelling for more money. "What do you fellows think I am?" he screamed. "A millionaire?"

In the end they got what they wanted, or enough of it to satisfy them. Now Huggins had a problem: how to keep them winning. He solved it by pointing to the continued benefits they and their families could derive from the money to be made in pennants and World Series.

By July they were thirteen games in front. Ruth was still astonishing the baseball world. Gehrig was slamming right along with him. Only the Athletics wielded a threat, and in July that threat was not taken too seriously by the Yankees.

☆ THEN, in August, there was a sudden crash. They won only two games on a Western trip. The Athletics were upon them—catching up with them—sweeping past them. On Labor Day, with the Yankees at Shibe Park, the A's were ahead by one game. But the Yankees regained the lead by taking both games of a double header, Ruth hitting a homer off Lefty Grove with the bases filled to win the first and Meusel hitting one off Quinn to win the second.

The stretch drive was hard. Combs was taped from head to foot, Lazzeri was on the shelf much of the time, Pennock had a lame arm, Ruth had a bad leg. The A's were pressing—but the Yankees clinched the pennant two days before the season ended. The momentum they had gathered carried them to four straight victories over the Cardinals in the World Series. The cry raised in 1927 was renewed: "Break up the Yankees!"

Huggins grinned wryly. Break up the Yankees? He knew they already were breaking up. He was afraid of what 1929 would bring, and he strove to ward it off. But he couldn't. The team got off fairly well as the 1929 season opened—and then began to drag. Pennock's arm still was bad. Gehrig wasn't hitting. Hoyt was ill. Koenig was having an off year. Meanwhile, the Athletics were in front—a great club, and not to be denied. Late in August Ruppert paid one of his rare visits to the clubhouse in the Stadium.

"What's the matter with the boys, Hug?" he asked.

"They're through, Colonel," Huggins said.

The Colonel couldn't believe it. But it was true.

Huggins was a sick man. He had

(*Continued on page 28*)

Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig check up on their bats before the first game of the 1927 World Series.

"HMMM, VALUABLE! GUESS WE'LL SHIP BY PULLMAN"

ED, OUR TICKET AGENT, was joking that day at the station. But believe me, it was no joking matter when we found that Nancy's first trip away from home had to be *without us!*

Fortunately, her Aunt Helen could go along, but even so, you can imagine how we felt.

We decided on Pullman, of course. And I don't think I ever *really* appreciated the safety and comfort of Pullman travel until that moment.

As for Nancy, she was so excited that—as the train pulled out—she practically shoved her little nose through the Pullman window, waving goodbye and grinning from ear to ear.

Well, you can imagine what my husband and I talked about all evening. Tom said he could just picture Nancy, making the most of everything you get on a Pullman. What a kick she'd get out of the friendly Porter and the way he'd see to her comfort, bring her a drink of water if she wanted it, and help her off the train in the morning!

And wouldn't her eyes *pop* when he'd make up that *grandest of beds* in her Pullman berth, with those sparkling white sheets and snuggly blankets and two squishy pillows! She'd *love* the two reading lights —and *especially* the roomy shelf-space and hammock for her clothes and books and Panda! She's *so* prim about having everything *just so!*

Tom said *sure* she'd love her berth and would sleep like a cub, but if *he* knew *Nancy*, she would probably see to it that her Aunt would take her back to the Lounge car, read the funnies to her, and, maybe, treat her to a glass of milk. Nancy would curl up in one of those big, soft chairs, and simply *revel* in it!

She promised not to stay up beyond her regular bed-time, and we could see her in her little blue robe and pajamas, washing her hands and brushing her teeth in the dressing room, and going on and on to someone about the "pullman of snow white towels and great big mirrors!"

Yes . . . Tom and I nodded on about Nancy and her trip. But before we went to sleep, Tom said quietly, "You know, I think I know why you've always insisted on getting Pullman."

FOR COMFORT, SAFETY AND DEPENDABILITY — GO PULLMAN

In Laxatives, too, there's a

HAPPY MEDIUM!

EX-LAX is
—not too strong!
—not too mild!
—it's just right!

WHAT kind of a laxative do *you* take? One that's so strong it weakens and upsets you? Or one that's so mild it fails to give you the relief you want?

Then try Ex-Lax—the *Happy Medium* laxative! Ex-Lax is as effective as any laxative you'd ever want to take. But it's kind and gentle, too! It won't upset you. It won't make you feel bad afterwards. What's more, Ex-Lax *tastes good*—just like fine chocolate!

Ex-Lax is as good for children as it is for grown-ups. Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only according to the directions on the label... You can get a box at any drug store for only 10c or 25c.

IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE—

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold *not* to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative

Copyright, 1942, by Ex-Lax, Inc.

"GAS"? HEARTBURN? For fast, *longer* relief from acid indigestion, heartburn and other discomforts, due to excess stomach acid, try JESTS! Mint-flavored. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.

10c A ROLL—3 for 25c

Help Kidneys

If you suffer from Backache, Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles and feel worn out, due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles, you should try Cystex which is giving joyous help to thousands. Printed guarantee. Money back unless completely satisfactory. Ask your druggist for Cystex today. Only 35c.

(*Continued from page 26*)

suffered for years from neuritis. Now, on the bench sometimes, his right leg shook in nervous spasms. Then there developed what appeared to be an infection on his face. One day he was so ill he left the bench just before the game began. Hoyt, who started the game, was knocked out in the fifth inning. He stormed into the clubhouse and flung his glove into his locker. And then he heard, in a soft and pain-racked voice:

"What happened out there, Waite?"

Turning, he saw Huggins seated by a rubbing table, the rays of a heat lamp on his face. He was shocked by the little manager's appearance.

"Joe Hauser just hit one in the seats," he said.

"Where did you pitch to him?"

"High outside, where I always pitch to him."

Huggins was silent. Then:

"How old are you, Waite?"

"I was thirty, three days ago."

☆ HUGGINS nodded slowly. "I'm going to tell you something, Waite," he said. "I never want you to forget it. In baseball especially, you can't do after thirty what you've done before. I told Colonel Ruppert this spring you weren't in the shape you should have been in—that you'd probably have an off year. Every year from now on, if you live soft in the winter you'll find it harder to get in condition in the spring. You and Pennock are finished for the year. I've already told him. Go down to the office tomorrow and get your check. I'll see you next spring. And keep in shape this winter."

These were the last words Huggins ever said to one of his players. Before the game ended he was on his way to a hospital. There, a few days later—on September 25, 1929—he died.

The Yankees had lost one of the greatest managers and one of the grandest men the game of baseball ever knew. He understood them and was their friend and they cried when they heard he was dead. In their grief, even the loss of the pennant seemed unimportant.

Ruppert and Barrow were in no mood to seek a successor to Huggins for some time. In the light of subsequent events, it is interesting to wonder what the results might have been if they had acted more promptly.

The choice of a new manager naturally was entrusted to Barrow. His first choice was Donie Bush, who had had managerial experience in Washington before going to Pittsburgh, and had been released by the Pirates as the 1929 season ended. Barrow called him on the telephone at his home in Indianapolis, and, informed by his mother that he was in Chicago for the day, asked her to have Donie call him on his return. That night, when he called, Ed offered him the job.

"I wish I had known sooner that you wanted me," he said. "I just signed a two-year contract as manager of the White Sox."

Now the offer went to Eddie Collins, who was a coach with the Athletics. He asked for a few days in which to think it over, and then called Barrow. "No, thanks, Ed," he said. "I've discussed it with Connie Mack. He thinks I'm not quite ready for the job—and I'm inclined to believe him."

This was a new slant on the esteem in which the Yankees were held. Collins had managed the White Sox in 1925 and 1926—yet Connie didn't feel he was qualified to manage the Yankees.

Barrow's third choice was Arthur Fletcher, first lieutenant under Huggins. Fletcher also rejected the offer. Ruppert was now getting nervous. "What are we going to do, Ed?" he asked.

"I think we are going to do all right," Barrow said. "We have another fellow on this club who is capable of managing it—Bob Shawkey."

And so the offer went to Shawkey, and he accepted it. Shawkey had been with the Yankees for years. He had been a great pitcher and he was regarded by Barrow as the smartest player on the team. There had been some newspaper mention of the Babe as a possibility, but Barrow never considered him.

It was a difficult spot into which Bob stepped as the 1930 season opened. Huggins was a hard man for any one to follow. Shawkey also was handicapped by the fact that for so long he had been one of the boys himself. He was lenient with them and asked only for their help, whereupon some of them took advantage of him. Training rules were broken. So were some of his friendships. He knew that he would have to make changes.

One day in Philadelphia, Hoyt was pitching and Al Simmons hit one high in the left-field stand. "What did you

Waite Hoyt and Sherdel, opposing pitchers in the first game of the 1928 World Series.

pitch to Simmons?" Shawkey asked when the inning was over.

"A fast ball."

"Don't ever throw him a fast ball he can hit," Shawkey said. "After this, make him hit your curve ball."

"If I throw him my curve," Hoyt said, "he'll hit it over the stand. I'll pitch to him my own way."

"You'll pitch the way I tell you or you won't pitch for me at all!" Shawkey snapped.

Hoyt's number plainly was up. Two weeks later he and Koenig were traded to Detroit for Harry Rice, an outfielder; Owen Carroll, a pitcher; and Harry Wuestling, an infielder. Once, when somebody had asked Hoyt for the secret of success in pitching, he had said, "Get a job with the Yankees." And again: "A Yankee pitcher never should hold out or make trouble for the manager. If he does, he might be traded—and then he'd have to pitch against the Yankees."

The first time he pitched against the Yankees, they knocked him out in the second inning.

☆ SHAWKEY struggled on. One trade he made was a master stroke on which the Yankees have cashed in ever since. He sent Cedric Durst, utility outfielder, to the Red Sox for Charlie Ruffing—the greatest right-hander the club has ever had.

Ruth hit .359 that year and made forty-nine home runs. Gehrig hit .379 and delivered forty-one homers. Combs had reached a peak in center field. Lazzeri had one of his best years. Bill Dickey, in his second season, already had gained recognition as the best catcher ever to wear a Yankee uniform, and he topped off his superb catching by hitting .339. But the pitching was spotty, no capable substitute had been found for Koenig at short stop, and Ben Chapman was having his troubles as a third baseman. Shawkey was doing well, landing the team in third place behind the Athletics and the Senators, but Ruppert and Barrow were shaking their heads. Then Barrow was looking about him again, and every one seemed to know it—to know that in 1931 the Yankees would have a new manager. But who would it be? Would Fletcher reconsider and take the job? Would it go to the Babe?

Late one afternoon, as Ed sat at his desk in the office on Forty-second Street, his telephone rang.

"Yes? . . . What? . . . He has? . . . Thank you!"

Ed smiled as he put the receiver back.

No wonder Barrow smiled! The news was that Joe McCarthy was available. With the authentic inside story of McCarthy's signing up, his setting of a new standard for the swashbuckling Yanks, and their response that put them back on top of the baseball world—also of the Babe's exit, Joe DiMaggio's advent, and so on, right down to date—this biography of a great ball club will be concluded in Liberty next week.

"If You're a Simon Legree I'm Little Eva!"

"So you're the big, bold villain! Hmm—you don't look it to me!"

"I'm glad you didn't know me *when*. Thoroughly disagreeable! Nerves shot, jumpy . . . tough to get along with. I had a perpetual . . . "

"A perpetual what"

"Grouch. Like this! And then I was told that I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"And what in the world is that?"

"A shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I drank two cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S a day in tomato juice . .

"I know what FLEISCHMANN'S can do for people, but what's all this about tomato juice?"

"That's the new way to take it. Look! Mash a cold cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass, and drink. Dee-licious!

The yeast with the yellow label

Just read the FLEISCHMANN label. Tell is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only source of the entire Vitamin B Complex are natural sources, such as yeast and liver. If you have a home, remember even Vitamin A in FLEISCHMANN'S is not appreciably lost in the oven. Vitamins A, B, D and G go right into your bread.

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast For Natural Vitamin B Complex

A GIRL NEEDS BACKGROUND

Even in wartime Washington, a lady in love can try for it!

BY BROOKE HANLON

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ BOB MALLORY'S dictation was going to be hard to transcribe again. Cindy sighed. The most dynamic of the chief's young trouble shooters plunged about the office, flinging words. Her pencil took odd little jumps and darts quite on its own. So did her heart. It must have been his eyes. No—the thing happened even when she didn't glance his way, so perhaps it was his voice.

Cindy Manners had been shuttled about the defense agency at a furious pace in her eleven weeks in Washington. Now they were even calling her back, at times, to pinch-hit in the stenographers' pool. Anything might happen in this huge three-letter madhouse. Bob Mallory might even focus his eyes upon her some fine morning. That hadn't happened yet.

This was the fifteenth time she'd taken letters from him—the times were etched in her memory—and he hadn't yet really looked at her. That was all right. That was fine. Wasn't it all of a piece with everything that had happened to her in Washington?

If you took Bob Mallory apart, he didn't break down into the accepted ingredients of masculine attractiveness. But who wanted the accepted ingredients? He was tall and lean. He had authority, presence, charm. *Pothooks and heartthrobs.* Cindy tried to calm herself with scorn, staring steadily at her notebook. Then she glanced at him again and her defenses crumpled.

"Get a tumble?" Phoebe Evans asked interestedly, and "No," Cindy returned. She devoted a moment to wondering why, after the hundreds of men who had ignored her in the town, the ignoring by a certain Mallory should have had any bite. The fact remained that it did have bite. Her cheeks were stinging.

"What the country needs," she reflected bitterly, in a drugstore at five o'clock, "is bigger and better ten-cent tipples. You, Cindy Manners, you whose worn dancing slippers would form a stack reaching to the top of the Monument, are coming to feel that a lonely soda in a crowded drugstore is high adventure. You haven't danced in eleven weeks," she scoffed. "Your joints creak. You're just something that came off the assembly line."

The assembly line hadn't done badly by Cindy. She was five feet four, and slim. Ash-blonde hair moved on her shoulders when she walked. Her lips were a ripe red, her lashes honey gold.

She was on her way to Banning's, that solid old home long since turned boardinghouse. Her room would welcome her with slightly sagging bed, fat bureau, desk, chair. Taxis nipped at her heels, trucks lunged at her, and the wailing of homeward-struggling cars filled the air. It was downtown Washington; it was spring. . . .

"I don't mind this room." In her boardinghouse cubicle she suffered a mild attack of hysteria. "*All I mind is not being able to get out of it.*" She laughed softly, helplessly. For eleven weeks she'd been bowling with girls, riding with them, ice-skating with them. "Fine, fine!" she applauded. "Skating in a rink! Holding *Mary Heath's* hand!" There was a tapping at the door and, "Come in," she called wildly.

"What's the matter now?" Mary Heath studied her.

"I've got seventeen cents," Cindy wailed at random. "Counting out lunch money—Mary, it seemed such a huge salary, from where I was, back in—"

"You've been taking dictation from the Mallory again," Mary said gently.

"Yes." Cindy's head was down. Nothing had ever hit her this way. Woman-infested Washington was doing this to her.

☆ "NONE of the men are here," Mary observed moodily, down in the dining room.

"Of course not." Violence came into Cindy's voice. "They're upstairs getting ready for parties."

"Men with dinner coats," Mary brooded, "wallow in invitations. Sometimes I think I'll throw up the sponge."

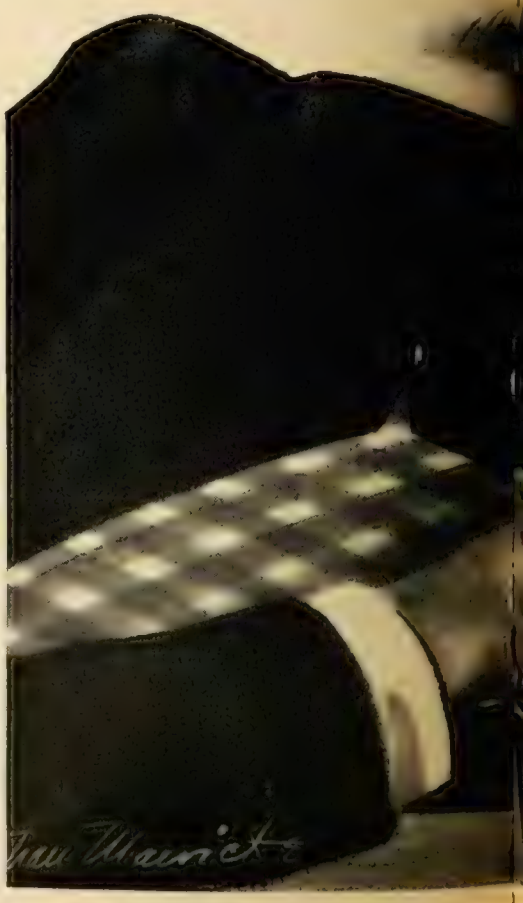
"It only tastes like sponge—it's really salmon loaf." Cindy prodded at something on her plate.

There were only three personable young men at Banning's and, going back up the stairs, Cindy and Mary ran into two of them, hurrying. "Oh"—Cindy's upraised eyes were the wide and engaging blue that had played havoc with stag lines—"you're going out. We thought we might—"

"Sorry." Jerry Wickam's smile was mechanical. Boyd Edwards mumbled something about "invitation" and "dinner."

Cindy looked after them, her hands clenched. "To think that I brought three evening dresses to Washington! Mary, Mary—" A sudden seizure caught her, in the upper hall. "I'd give the thousand-dollar bond Grandfather Hewitt gave me for graduation to be going dancing tonight! Oh, don't look so bug-eyed. I'm to break it only for emergencies. . . . Wait!" She clutched her friend's arm. "Grandfather"—she closed her eyes—"I hereby proclaim a state of unlimited

Two of the buffet supper guests were lounging in their big chairs. Their hands were dipping busily into Cindy's cigarette supply.



RATOR TRAN MAWICKE

emergency. Mary"—her eyes flew open, her words raced—"I am going to start giving some of the dinners in this man's town. I'll take an apartment! Cozy dinners, buffet suppers, snacks. Deep chairs and soft lights. Men sitting at my feet on enormous hassocks, and I spooning spoon bread into them—"

"What men?" Mary asked practically. "There is only one man to every eight women and—"

"Don't be silly." Cindy was dancing. "That one man eats, doesn't he? Wait until he and his cagey brethren taste my food! Wait until he is so in debt to me socially that I'll have to hock my very furniture to buy new evening clothes. Do you begin to get the idea?"

Mary stood frowning. "Oh, go ahead," she said. "You won't find an apartment, anyway. There just aren't any in this year of our Lord 1942."

☆ MARY had been right, Cindy decided forlornly at the end of five evenings of combing the town. There just weren't any. She was beginning to droop. She was even drooping a little in Bob Mallory's office on the morning of the sixth day. He hadn't even come through with his absent good-morning this time. "Take a wire," he said suddenly. What that voice could— Cindy scribbled. Then she started. "Read it back to me," he was saying.

The wire was addressed to a man in New York. Cindy read it slowly: "Have found apartment for you. Call Benning 0616, and hurry. Signed"—her eyes were very blue, looking up—"Bob."

"I have to make a phone call," she told Phoebe at lunchtime. She was a little late, a little smug, coming back. "Too bad, Mr. Hemming of New York," she was breathing softly to herself. "You might try a hotel."

"I've got it, Mary!" She hugged her knees triumphantly on Mary's bed that night, and Mary listened. "Did they throw in the headache powders?" Mary asked slowly. "Never mind, darling. You *have* done it now."

"Haven't I!" Cindy gloated. "Good-by, bond." She kissed her fingertips. "You, Mary, shall be guest of honor at my first party."

"I happen to be going on my vacation," Mary reminded her. "Three weeks. But— Well, good luck, dear."

Cindy moved in a daze, shopping. She chose soft, deep chairs that Jerry Wickam and Boyd Edwards, as test cases, would fit into comfortably. There was even a pipe ash tray, for didn't Todd Marsh smoke a pipe? It would be just as well to start with boardinghouse contacts. . . .

"Why would you have that Bob Mallory look," Mary complained, "when what I'm talking about is cats? If you'll set your feet on terra firma for one moment I'll tell you what you just did. You promised to take in not only Mrs. Petty's Siamese cats but Lora Hatfield's radio-phonograph."

"I'll take in the whole world, wrapped in cellophane! I'll sit on top of it! Cats, cats—they're homesick in the kennel," she said hazily. "Mrs. Petty is looking for an apartment of her own—"

"Lora Hatfield, too, I suppose." Mary bit her lip.

The first Sunday buffet supper in Cindy's new place had everything. It had candles, flowers, lobster au gratin; it had cold turkey and tomato aspic salad. There was a groaning cheese board, pecan pie, and coffee. There were, more to the point, Jerry Wickam, Boyd Edwards, and Tod Marsh. Hadn't she issued her invitations a careful ten days in advance?

The evening lacked only one thing. It lacked Bob Mallory. Bob Mallory at ease, and gracious, and— Cindy had to shake herself gently.

The pall of the boarding club was lifting rather too successfully, she thought, on her way to answer the telephone for the fourth time. Ten people can make a lot of noise when a pall lifts. There were constant shrieks of laughter from the girls; there was a lot of male shouting. All the complaints were coming from above. The voice was unusually gruff this time, and she came back with color high in her cheeks.

It was after one o'clock when she stood alone at last in the middle of her living room. The last of the mound of dishes had been put away. "Well—" She grinned a little ruefully. "One o'clock—for a buffet supper."

Her eyes fell upon Lora Hatfield's radio-phonograph then, and she frowned. "How was I to know poor Hatfield would come in and play Wagner for two full hours on Sunday afternoon?" Her eyes moved slowly ceilingward. The complaints about Wagner had come from above, too.

☆ "YOU up there." She addressed the ceiling airily. "You with the bark and the ingrown disposition—you may relax now. I doubt if I'll be at home for ten nights." Coldbloodedly she stood and figured the returns. Boyd Edwards had eaten enough cold turkey alone to warrant something white-tie. Jerry and Todd had kept pace with him. The young Doanes had said something about a foursome. "Dancing—" Cindy took a few steps. "The terraces will open, the roofs, the pools—"

Two soft Siamese balls of fur were uncurling on the sofa, and "Oh" she breathed, startled. She hurried the cats, on leashes, downstairs and back. They were decorative creatures, of course, but— There was just a chance that Mary Heath had had something.

But nothing could dim the luster of Cindy's happiness tonight. She found a soft waltz in the record cabinet, and she danced alone, her hair moving softly on her shoulders. Eyes closed, she danced with Jerry Wickam, with Boyd Edwards, with Bob Mallory. She was really lost now, and when the phone shrilled she had to drift slowly, slowly back.

"In the name of *Gotham!*" This was a bark and not a voice. "Is that you? Do you ever sleep? I listened to Wagner half the day, my walls quaking. I listened to hyenas on the romp half the night. I have work to do, and may I suggest that you go soak your head?" The phone crashed.

☆ IN the office next morning she smiled fondly down at her marketing list. "Eggs, bacon, oranges, butter, bread—" It was breakfasts for a week. Dinners? She laughed softly. It should be easy. . . .

Her eyes strayed unconsciously toward the door of Bob Mallory's private office. If some fine morning she should find him in an aware mood. . . . Her pencil described a startled arc right through the marketing list then. Bob Mallory was coming down the room. "You." He'd stopped at her desk. "Take some letters." He charged away.

Not his eyes, and not his voice, she reflected sadly in his office. His back impersonally turned to her, he was staring out of the window. It was the set of his shoulders. It was that small-boy trick of groping first in his pockets and then in his hair for the right word to dictate. When his phone rang, she had to take a very firm grip on it. When he said "Andrea" into the phone, it was her chair she had to grip. "No, I'm not trying to swing the whole program on my own." His voice was patient. "It's just that I'm not going anywhere right now. If you had been through the week-end I've been through— I'll call you, darling. . . . Anything wrong, Miss—er—Smith?"

The "darling" had knifed Cindy. "Nothing," she breathed.

Her voice was still muffled, reporting to Phoebe Evans. "There's a girl he calls 'darling.' Her name is Andrea. If—if one could just meet her and—"

"—cut her throat," Phoebe said. "Cindy, I feel like a heel, asking this of you. My schoolteacher sister and her chum are coming for the cherry blossoms—I've searched the town, and I can't find a room. If you—"

"Why, Phoebe," Cindy said absently, "I'll take them in. I have scads of room. Andrea," she mused, frowning. "Andrea what, I wonder?"

☆ "IT'S begun." Cindy was a little awed at nine o'clock that evening. Two of the buffet supper guests were lounging in their big chairs. Their hands were dipping busily into her cigarette supply. Amiably they tossed off the last of her red wine.

Jerry Wickam's specialty was looking at one quizzically. Boyd Edwards' was a running fire of gags. Cindy let her laughter peal softly. Now and then she wished that her guests would practice a like restraint.

At that moment the phone rang.

"What is it tonight?" a taut voice inquired. "The Elks' Convention?"

"No, and—"

"I see. It must be the American Legion. How long does it go on?"

Cindy glanced at her guests. Boyd and Jerry were plunging deeper and deeper into a vociferous football argument. Her eyes glinted. "Why, dar-

ling," she cried softly into the phone. "Darling—er—Bob! How lovely! I'd love to! Yes. Tomorrow night."

There was a silence. "Who are you?" the voice rasped.

"That's just sweet." Cindy hung up. Her eyes glinted on. It was always good to have phone calls.

Boyd and Jerry were swinging into a new act now. "Who's hungry, brother?" Jerry demanded.

"I am, brother," Boyd returned.

☆ SHE stood up, her blood tingling. This was it, and she'd make her first excursion into Washington's after-dark with not one escort but two.

"Don't you move," Boyd said. "We'll rustle it."

"We'll find everything," Jerry called from the kitchen.

They certainly did. Cindy looked at the huge platter of scrambled eggs, at the mountain of bacon curls, the stacks of buttered toast, cheeses, pickles— Her breakfasts for a week demolished. Her snack cupboard looted. She sat in a stillness.

I'll have coffee, toast, and orange-juice breakfasts, she thought in one interval. I'll have orange juice and coffee, she thought later. I'll have orange juice, she thought doggedly as Jerry started his third big pot of coffee, and as a sudden bellowing came down from above.

"What now?" Boyd's eyes lighted.

"It—it seems to be some one asking for quiet." Cindy winced, her hands over her ears. "Perhaps you shouldn't have started those Texas cattle calls, or whatever they were, Boyd. He—" She winced again. The fiend was roaring down the bathroom ventilating shaft now.

"The chap has stuff," Jerry said admiringly. He and Boyd leaped into the fray. "Hi, chum!" they shouted happily up the shaft. "Come on down!"

"I—I have an eleven-o'clock curfew, except for parties." Cindy managed to make herself heard at last.

☆ MIDNIGHT—Wednesday. She had just ushered three fourths of the promised Doane foursome out of her door, and she stood for a moment blinking at the littered bridge table. The Doanes' dancing foursome had deteriorated into a bridge session. Cindy sank into a soft chair. Reluctantly she forced her eyes toward the remnants of the lunch. She had served assorted sandwiches, hot chocolate with whipped cream, and little cakes. The guests had loved all of it. "H'm," she said wearily. It was tomorrow, wasn't it, that Phoebe Evans' sister and her fellow tourist were—were coming— But Phoebe was a good friend and— Cindy pushed her hair back. She stacked dishes.

At least the madman upstairs had been quiet. He'd been quiet all through Lora Hatfield's Sibelius session, too. Lora had stayed for dinner, had eaten raptly, to the crashing of Finlandia and such things with the volume turned high. "Thank you, jeep—" Cindy was starting to mur-

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mur that when an avalanche of sound smote her ears. "By all that's holy, "*he's* having a party! Now for *my* act." She leaped to the telephone.

"Is it," she inquired dulcetly, "the Steamfitters' Convention? Or might it be a hog-calling contest?"

"It's fraternity brothers." The voice that answered her was harassed.

"They're certainly whooping it up, for old grads, aren't they?" She accented the "old grads" with relish.

"Where in this entire town can a man find peace and quiet? Three months' reports to clean up in two weeks and— *Friends! Friends of friends—*" She recoiled from the assault on her eardrums. "Relatives," it went on. "*Friends* of relatives. You don't answer your phone or doorbell for ten days, and when you do, having run out of laundry, in they barge. Parasites. Barnacles—"

Cindy rallied. "Scorpions," she inserted sweetly. "My, my." She was beginning to enjoy herself.

"Who invented the doorbell, the telephone, the week-end guest? Why is a house phone, and are you by any chance the dizzy female under me?" Vitriol poured upon her now. "Of course you are, so tell me this. Why, with half of wet-behind-the-ears Washington braying in your place at all hours, do you start cooing at me by telephone? Thousands of you—all over town, all cooing—"

"If I ever seriously go in for cooing," Cindy stated with dignity, "it won't be at a crackpot octogenarian."

☆ "HOW is it going?" Mary Heath was back from her vacation.

"I—" Cindy faltered. "He— Oh, you mean the apartment."

"You look haggard. Don't tell me you've been dancing every night."

"No. No." There was a hollow note in Cindy's voice. "The apartment—" she began with difficulty. "Boyd and Jerry come around. We have bacon, scrambled eggs, coffee, cheese—" She stopped dead. "The Doanes"—she stirred—"have arranged several foursomes. I serve sandwiches, hot chocolate, little cakes. Or I serve— I mean, after the bridge—"

"But—"

"Yes, I know. But it's bridge. They can't tear themselves away from my place." Cindy leaped into a silence. She came out of it groggily. "Todd Marsh calls—after dinner, that is. Several times he's brought friends in. Sometimes they bring their own food, though. Once they brought fresh shrimp. Mary"—Cindy shrank a little—"did you ever smell fresh shrimp steaming? Oh, I could have stood that. It was the insults he hurled at me over the telephone."

"Who?"

"Six one B. He said if I was taking a bath in formaldehyde, did I mind holding my head under? He said—oh, never mind." Cindy's voice sagged. "The—the night the boys went out for the makings of Italian spaghetti, and brought in two more customers, he—Mary, were you ever called a—I mean, down a bathroom ventilator?"

"Sit down, darling," Mary soothed. "There are sourpusses in all apartment houses."

☆ CINDY stared. "If"—her voice went wild—"I have to spend any more wee small hours washing dishes, and then to drag cats down, and—"

"Wait a moment, darling. You're jabbering."

"Am I? Phoebe Evans' sister and her friend were on the bed davenport for three nights. They're gone. Miss Meggs' sister is in my other cherry bed. She's from Idaho. She's nervous in hotels and Banning's had no room. Boyd Edwards' cousins are on the davenport now. Their underwear is everywhere. Their powder— Mary, the *noise*. They couldn't get a room—"

"And you took them in. Boyd asked me to. In a nice way. What makes you think the girls are cousins?" Mary inquired slowly.

"Oh, that was just at first. Boyd kisses one of them good night a long time in the foyer. Jerry— Last night they came in at three—"

"Wait a moment—"

"You wait." Cindy's voice got away from her again. "I bought a new evening wrap and slippers on credit," she wailed, "and where am I every evening? I'm feeding cousins and cleaning house. I'm hanging up underwear, and s-serving s-snacks. I'm pleading, 'Hush, hush.' Oh—"

"I should have stopped you." Mary frowned. "Look, Cindy—this is Washington. Why you ever bought anything more than one very narrow single bed— There is just one thing that you've got to do. Go home tonight and clean out your apartment. Toss them all out—"

"With—with a bomb?" Cindy quavered. "I—I can't bomb Gretel in her condition."

"Who in time is Gretel?"

"Todd Marsh's dachshund. Don't look at me that way, Mary. I don't remember actually saying I'd take her Todd had to go on a field trip, and there'd be no one to even visit her. He couldn't stand having her grieve in the kennel. So she's grieving in my kitchen."

"What do you mean by her condition?"

"Delicate condition. Oh, it won't become acute until after Todd comes back. . . . That fiend upstairs burns up the wires telling me not to let that

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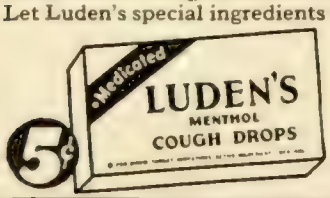

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dog howl in my kitchen. . . . I—I have to get back to the office, Mary." Tears showed fleetingly in Cindy's eyes. She brushed them away.

☆ "MR. MALLORY has been looking for you," Phoebe Evans volunteered. "He seems to be in a state." Phoebe stared sympathetically. "You, too, Cindy. What's the matter?"

But Cindy had picked up her notebook. She hurried, pulses hammering. She found him with elbows propped on the desk and head buried in his hands. He didn't look up right away and for a moment she let her eyes yearn over him. He was working too hard; he was thin. "Do you have a headache, Mr. Mallory?" she ventured.

He started. "It's a nervous breakdown," he informed her, thin-lipped. "Take some interoffice memos—" He charged up and down the room. "A. J. Kirk," he dictated. "I am doing the best I can with the investigations requested. For the past three nights—" His voice died. He ran fingers through his hair. "Wagner." He looked about wildly. "Sibelius."

Cindy stared unbelievingly at what she had written. "Wagner, Sibelius—" Her lips moved soundlessly. Her pencil shook.

"Don't mind me," Bob Mallory was saying. "Skip that last. Do you mind not staring at me that way, my child? Now, start over. A. J. Kirk: In regard to reports requested, we are making progress and will— I, personally, have not slept in three weeks— No, no. Skip that. Wagner," he muttered. "Hyenas. Nitwits."

Cindy was on her feet. "Sit down," Bob Mallory ordered. "Don't be frightened. What you see is just the result of living on top of a night club. A. J. Kirk," he said distinctly, "go soak your head. I am going home to get some sleep."

When Cindy looked up, he was gone. She sat very still for a long time.

"What's the matter?" Phoebe asked. "Did Mallory—"

"Mallory—" Cindy looked at her with glazed eyes. "You mean 61B, don't you? I called him a—a crackpot octogenarian. He called me— Oh!" She shuddered. "Oh, Phoebe!"

☆ CINDY had to go home. There were the animals to feed. In her kitchen, Todd Marsh's dachshund rolled mute brown eyes at her, and "Oh!"—Cindy dropped to her knees. "*Oh!* Oh, Gretel! What—what is the matter? Oh, Todd, why—why didn't you—c-count right?"

Gretel licked Cindy's hand, dumbly, just once. She went back to licking an incredibly minute and whimpering something. Gretel was being very busy. Cindy stared, and got wildly to her feet. She ran. Down in the lobby she leafed the phone book with shaking fingers. The third veterinarian promised to send an ambulance.

Outside, Cindy pushed wet hair back from her forehead. She looked frantically up and down the street, then slumped into one of the chairs in front of the building. "It may be four more," she breathed distractedly, "even five. Six more dogs. I—I can't—"

Bob Mallory came lunging out of the entrance, turned to the other side of it, threw himself into one of the chairs there. His shoulders sagged and his head went down. His face had a look, a beaten look, that caught at Cindy's heart. "Couldn't you sleep, Mr. Mallory?" She moved slowly over and her voice was gentle.

"Sleep," he muttered. "Oh, it's you." But he lapsed immediately into a bleak and fixed stare. "You don't answer your telephone. You don't answer your doorbell. You buy dark shades and go into your own private blackout. So what happens? So they push telegrams under your door. From your mother. You're to take two of her dearest friends out to dinner. Two—from Sheboygan—here with the D. A. R. The biggest caters in— All your friends out of town for the week-end. No money." Bob Mallory took two limp dollar bills and some change out of his pocket and stared at them. "Sleep," he growled.

"That's 'friends of relatives,' isn't it?" Cindy faltered. "I've had more 'relatives of friends'" Drakes screamed, but it wasn't the get ambulance. "For two dollars and thirty cents"—she did touch his sleeve here— "we can serve a really adequate dinner for three at home."

"Not me." He scrubbed at his face despairingly. "They're down there at the Mayflower, waiting. Evening clothes, fresh out of mothballs— Mother told them— Corsages—"

"If only I had some money to lend you—"

Bob Mallory stared. "Why, thank you," he said in a changed voice. Bob

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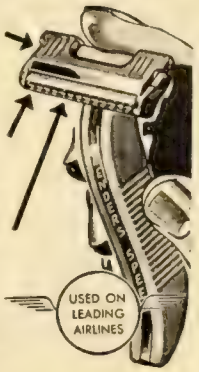

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Mallory had really seen her at last. . . . She leaped suddenly to her feet then. A long car had drawn up, but it was only a delivery truck. "I thought it was the ambulance." She paced, and her mouth worked a little. "Gretel may be dying up there."

"An accident?"

"No; it was planned."

"Look here, what have you done?" He caught her wrist. "I know it's bad, but even I haven't sent them out in ambulances. You're upset, aren't you? Sit down." He pulled her to the chair beside him. "Relax."

"But a—a dog is having pups in—in my kitchen. It's 'animals of friends.'" Cindy's voice went wild. "Next it will be 'litters of animals of friends.'"

"Just sit quietly." He held her there. "A dog?" He moved suddenly. "Say, it wouldn't be a dachshund, would it? I used to raise them. Let me have a look at her."

"Would you? It's—it's 51B," she said uncertainly. "I'm—I'm right under you. I'm afraid my roommate has been disturbing you, but she's moving out today."

☆ AT the door upstairs he rushed past her. He came back to the living room almost immediately, rubbing his hands. "Two," he reported gleefully, "so far. They're beauties!"

A little later his exultant face appeared at the swinging door. "Three!"

"Wait," Cindy called. Her handkerchief was rolled into a ball now and her voice quavered. "I—I could do something for you. I could cook that dinner for your D. A. Rs. That is, if you'll stay with Gretel until—"

He found the limp bills and his key and handed them to her, staring. "Do you mean it could be done?"

"Of course." She seized her coat. "Just call them up and tell them to come. I'll have to hurry." She rushed to the market, rushed back. In Mallory's kitchen she found herself singing, for the first time in three weeks.

There was a sudden battering at a pipe downstairs. "Four!" Bob Mallory shouted up the ventilating shaft.

"Wonderful!"

"Maybe you won't like this, but I sent the ambulance away. I can take care of them for you and—"

"Wonderful." Her voice was singing, lilting. "It's just that he happens to like dachshunds," she reminded herself sternly.

"What's cookin'?" he called next.

"It's pork turkeys and cinnamon apples and stuff," she called back. "Cheap but edible."

She sang again, very softly, in his kitchen. She brought flowers from her own place, and candles.

"Five!" That was a mad battering on the pipes downstairs. Then, "Six! Think of it!" he called. "Hey, what's your name?"

"It's Cindy."

"Think of it, Cindy."

"You're wonderful."

"Oh, it's partly Gretel."

A silence fell. She was stirring something in a blue bowl when the kitchen door of 61B burst open. "*Seven!*" Bob Mallory shouted in triumph. He caught hold of her and spun her about. He kissed her soundly on the lips.

Cindy started to rub her lips and then, carefully, stopped. "You do like dogs, don't you?" she murmured.

He was standing very still, looking at her. "Dogs?" His voice was quiet, wondering. "Do you think"—he advanced toward her in a sort of mesmerism—"there should be a kiss for each pup?"

"The—the returns aren't all in yet."

Cindy backed, her cheeks crimsoning.

"You'd—you'd better hurry down and see."

☆ "I MUST go home now." It was ten o'clock, and Cindy looked lingeringly around the Mallory apartment. The D. A. R. ladies had departed.

"You can't do that," her host pointed out seriously. "Your place is a shambles. It's full of people milling, dressing, having phone calls. I barricaded Gretel in the kitchen. You stay right here." He had her hands again. "Cindy, you were—you are— Well, mother's friends will go home and tell her I've found the sweetest girl east of the Mississippi, and it will be true. But—but I was crazy to think I could collect all those kisses in one evening. I'll have to take them in installments. This," he explained, "is installment two."

Installment two was gentle. Cindy backed only a little.

"Only six to go." He dwelt upon it for a moment. "I wonder if we could buy Gretel? This will have to be a gin-rummy night." He moved slowly to find cards. "Monday's payday, though, and Monday evening we start out on the town. I want to show you all the spots. I—"

Cindy's eyes began to dance. "Your work," she murmured dutifully.

"But that's easy. They're giving me a private secretary. I'll ask for you. We'll tear through reams of work by day, and dance by night. Cindy, if only mother could have been here, too. I mean, to meet you. This—will be number three."

Cindy hadn't backed away at all from number three. "It's Washington," she pointed out softly. "Your mother will come. Every one else does!"

THE END

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★ ★ ★ ★ MISTER V (for a triple triumph)

Leslie Howard is a triple-threat man in this, his latest picture. And he has a triple triumph. His acting of a modern Scarlet Pimpernel is one of the best jobs he's ever done on the screen. His direction is striking and varied. Meanwhile, the production itself, which he supervised in England, is a bang-up job in every department. Here's a stirring adventure melodrama that has plenty to say in the course of its exciting action.

Like so many recent films, Mister V keys right into the present world conflict. But it does so without laboring the subject. As a matter of fact, the action all takes place before the Nazi invasion of Poland. A mild-mannered English archeologist is shown as the savior of great men in Gestapo-ridden Germany. He is the phantom rescuer, like the Scarlet Pimpernel of French Revolutionary days, of the great minds he thinks are important to civilization. He pretends he's a scarecrow, or invades a concentration camp with the college boys on his archeological expedition, and always comes away with some famous anti-Nazis.

Call the plot preposterous if you want. Then call all the recent plots which have dealt with the same material phony. The fact remains that Mister V is an absorbing entertainment. For Leslie Howard has succeeded, in both his acting and his direction, in making you sit on the edge of your seat through most of the production.

His most brilliant bit of make-believe is the passage in which he invades the Berlin propaganda ministry, pretending to be an American Bund leader, and gets permits for his students to visit a concentration camp in order to rescue five celebrated men who don't like Hitler. At the same time he fills every sequence of the show with the gentle, eloquent acting which has made him a ranking star of the screen. Either as sinister secret agent, driving Hitler's yes men crazy just before the war started, or as a puttering scholar, he is terrific.

His staging, as I've said, is right up to his acting of the title role. The big break-out from the concentration camp has all the suspense and excitement that you could expect from such a scene. The final escape from Germany, on the eve of the invasion of Poland, has been shot with the same quality which made The Lady Vanishes, Night Train, or other English pictures so gripping.

It's Leslie Howard's show from start to finish, but he has been a shrewd director in assembling a top-notch supporting cast. Mary Morris makes an appealing heroine. Francis Sullivan is properly villainous as the

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What does March come in like?... Okay, students, go to the head of the class.

★ ★ ★ ★

Leo, you know, has enlisted for the duration. He's in the Army, the Navy, Civilian Defense and ready to serve wherever wanted by his Uncle.

Have you seen "Joe Smith, American"? Recommended, incidentally, by our generous First Lady.

★ ★ ★ ★

We don't speak much about shorts in this column, but it's hard to keep quiet about "Main Street On The March", made with government cooperation.

★ ★ ★ ★

The exhibitors of America, as well, are all out for our war effort. Their screens will inform, uplift and divert. Three essentials in a crisis.

★ ★ ★ ★

Among the diversions that Dr. Leo has brewed in his own laboratory is the newest rattle of that famous Hardy family skeleton.

★ ★ ★ ★

Despite the natural presence of that exciting, energetic, connubial dynamo —Mickey Rooney— nothing personal is intended by the title—

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Courtship of Andy Hardy".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's undoubtedly impossible to refer to a beautiful young lady as a dark horse—

★ ★ ★ ★

But watch Donna Reed in this hardiest of the Hardys.

★ ★ ★ ★

Space doesn't permit much about "Mrs. Miniver", (Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon); "I Married An Angel", (Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy); "Ship Ahoy", (Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Bert Lahr, Tommy Dorsey's orchestra), and "Rio Rita", (Abbott and Costello).

★ ★ ★ ★

There's so much to say about the merits of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures. We really ought to have two columns. Still—

★ ★ ★ ★

Yours for conservation,

—Leo

Gestapo chief. And Hugh McDermott is excellent as the tough American who helps the professor. Mister V is not a great picture, but Howard has made it a knockout melodrama.

(United Artists.)

★ ★ ★ SONG OF THE ISLANDS (for hula, Grable, and color)

The war has certainly dated a lot of Hollywood shows. This South Sea island carnival with its tale of an earthly paradise near Pearl Harbor is hard to swallow now. The story would have been silly at any time. The film is entertaining because of its brilliant technicolor, the music numbers, and the skirt-swishing.

Betty Grable is the chief skirt-swisher. She also sings most of the songs. Since she is easy to look at and color becomes her no end, she's a honey of a heroine. As the daughter of a philosophic beachcomber who wants to keep his section of an Hawaiian island as he found it, she fights a handsome American and his father who are operating a cattle ranch, of all things. She doesn't fight all the time. She winds up in the hero's arms.

The incidental comedy and spectacle are far better than the plot. Jack Oakie blusters through the role of the hero's bodyguard amusingly. Thomas Mitchell and George Barbier, as the respective fathers of the lovers, have some funny bits together. And the song-and-dance numbers have been staged attractively and colorfully by Walter Lang. Incidentally, Victor Mature is the hero, appearing in a variety of gaudy polo shirts. I still can't see why he's considered handsome or an actor.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—(None.)

★★★½—Joan Paris, Kings Row, Babes on Broadway, Ball of Fire, Sullivan's Travels, All Through the Night, The Man Who Came to Dinner, H. M. Pulham, Esq.

★★★—Roxie Hart, Ride 'Em Cowboy, Captains of the Clouds, Joe Smith, American, Woman of the Year, Son of Fury, Dangerously They Live, The Bugle Sounds, The Vanishing Virginian, Johnny Eager, Mr. Bug Goes to Town, Hellzapoppin, Design for Scandal, Kathleen, The Corsican Brothers, Sundown, Shadow of the Thin Man, Blues in the Night.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

FRANKLIN STREET, by Philip Goodman.

This belongs in the uncrowded category of informal memoirs distinguished by a combination of nostalgic tickle, to which almost every one is subject, and humor. Clarence Day's Life with Father did nobly for upper-crust New York; Mr. Goodman recalls the manners, the gossip, and the personalities of the middle-class neighborhood in which he spent a Philadelphia childhood and youth at the end of the horsecar era. They were a lusty, entertaining crew and the author makes 'em live again. The house of Kitty Foyle's daddy, if you'll remember, must have been just down the street. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

THE TENPINS GO TO TOWN—Continued from Page 19

Manhattan's Bowling Green with nine pins (surely you've heard of Rip Van Winkle), and Washington had his own private bowling layout. In time bowling moved indoors. First indoor alleys were clay, and balls were of stone. Later on, this ninepins became a hot gambling sport, whereupon it was frowned on by the church and banned by the law. So the boys added another pin and the modern game of tenpins was born.

Sometime later came the Bullyboy Era. Alleys were in damp cellars, tastefully decorated with spittoons, cigar butts, and barflies. Fresh air would have poisoned most of the habitués. Women were not allowed.

But as law'n' order came to Pizen Gulch, so bowling too was fumigated, deodorized, cleansed, and standardized. This happened back when Pop was a boy. Lowell Thomas tells me he used to sneak down to the bowling academy in his native Colorado Springs without his family's consent. "Thus I became proficient in three Bs of manly sport—Billiards, Bowling, and Brofanity!" Today Thomas rolls a nice 200 when he's not skiing.

But even after being moved out of the cellars, the alleys were not the Hollywood sets they are today. Some were short, wide, and stubby, others long, lean, and skinny. Some ran downhill, some uphill.

Incidentally, these variations in equipment led to a lot of near mayhem in the match play that sprang up. "They'd dim the gas lights on the visiting team," Mr. C. A. Binner, a bowling umpire from way back, recalls, "just as they started to bowl. It made the pins pretty indistinct. Or they'd load the balls with mercury or lead slugs, to give them a sure hook that would break like Kirby Higbe's curve. These balls were called dodos. The adding-up of scores was pretty weird. They did everything but dope each other's beer and glue the pins to the alley. There were plenty of fights."

Everything is standardized today. Alleys must be sixty feet long and no more than forty-three inches wide. Pins must be exactly weighted, and most umpires weigh the balls before match play.

But kegling did not become a family relaxation until women began infiltrating the alleys. How they crept in nobody knows, but the historic case of Jimmy Smith happened in 1927.

Jimmy Smith was a great professional bowler. He stopped off at Pueblo, Colorado, for an exhibition match with the local pride.

The local pride turned out to be a roly-poly white-haired woman—a Mrs. Floretta McCutcheon, who had taken up bowling as an antidote to a nervous breakdown. Smith had never heard of a woman bowling before. "Let's bowl," he said gallantly, "with duckpins." Mrs. McCutcheon begged for a chance to bowl with the big pins and balls. Pulling his shots, Smith deferentially set to work.

History records that he went down to defeat. Mrs. McCutcheon beat him 704 to 686 for three games. That 704 was the highest score any woman had ever rolled in match play with a man. If you don't think it's big, just go out and try to roll it! In fact, the blow was so damaging to the manly ego that the A. B. C., the god of thunder in the alleys, has never consented to mixed championship competition. Yet women already can bowl evenly with men, and in time they'll be shoulder-to-shoulder with the boys. Mrs. McCutcheon, who is a palm bowler, rolls a slow gentle ball from the palm of her hand. She has about thirty perfect games of 300 to her credit!

All of which proves that bowling is not a matter of brawn, and perhaps helps explain why the whole family lives in the alleys today. The game should be learned properly. All the experts stress rhythm and co-ordination and follow-through. Do not loft the ball or bounce it; that takes divots out of the course. Don't grip it too tightly, lest you find yourself sliding down the alley, being towed by it. Don't speed; knock the balls, not the walls, down. In other words, educated footwork, an educated thumb, and a reasonably good eye are all you need.

The good bowler rigs himself in loose comfortable clothes and wears bowling shoes designed to brake and yet to slide his feet in his run to the foul line. If you can't afford such shoes (they cost from four to six dollars) leather ones with rubber heels are O. K. Sneakers are out, for they may make you pop over on your nose.

You'll find your game will improve with a ball of your own. These cost around eighteen dollars. The mineralite and rubber now used in them may have to be ersatzed with hard wood, but they'll be obtainable.

Bowling is not a sport for big gatherings of spectators. People would rather do it themselves than watch the experts do it. Here's why:

The feminine angle is that it's great for the figgah, girls; you can eat and toss the big ball and lose weight. Aside from that angle, you can smoke and drink mildly while you perform, and it won't hurt your wind. Though it's done indoors, it's relaxing. It makes for neighborliness; lifelong friendships are cemented as the balls crash into the pins. Girls use a lot of new words; guys learn not to use them.

You can always become a champion at Colonel Stoopnagle's Gateway bowling heaven. The good Colonel has an alley that is designed for sure strikes—a long V-shaped sloping track with as many curves and bends as Gypsy Rose Lee. Relaxed, the bowler sits at one end. An assistant brings him the ball and helps him drop it on the track. The ball rolls down the track, due east, heads sharp north, makes several dipsy-doodle turns, then strikes the head pin—and all the pins fall, or in case any don't, the Colonel has a button you can press which will pull them down by magnetic force.

THE END

MAN TO MAN

BY GERALD McCANN

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ YOU don't have to spend a lot to dress well, even with prices going up the way they are. You can get the right colors and patterns in practically all price ranges. Just use your head; plan your wardrobe. Then the salesman can't talk you into buying something you don't want.

In making out that chart over at the left, I haven't tried to lay down hard-and-fast rules. I've simply outlined a *basic* wardrobe—one you can add to as soon as you get the dough.

Those three suits are the ones that men with plenty of money replace year after year. They are practical, because you can change their character with different hats, shoes, shirts, etc. What's more, many of these accessories are interchangeable.

A man starting from scratch could get along with the dark blue and the gray flannel until he could afford to add the tweed. He could get along with a gray hat, a pair of black and a pair of brown shoes, some black and brown socks, blue and white shirts, and a few blue and gray ties.

Plain gray flannel—darker than medium—is better than striped, but chalk-striped blue is more practical than plain blue serge because it doesn't show dust or shine as quickly. Both may be either single- or double-breasted. Tweeds are so bulky that they are best cut single-breasted; then you can wear the jackets with gray flannel slacks. Incidentally, you ought to get a pair of slacks, because it's false economy to use the trousers of your gray flannel suit.

Notice that most of the accessories I picked *blend* rather than contrast with the colors of the suits. This makes an outfit look all-of-a-piece rather than a jumble of odds and ends. I don't mean that everything should match. But a tie that is more or less the same color as the suit is usually a safe bet.

The safest socks are those that match either shoes or trousers, but in the country, plaid socks have a place.

A welt-edge hat is a better buy than a silk-bound Homburg; when you get tired of wearing the brim up, you can snap it down.

DARK BLUE

DRESSED UP

HAT: Black or medium gray, Homburg or turned-up brim.
TIE: Dark blue, knit or woven silk; or small pattern. Black knit good with black hat.
SHIRT: White with starched collar; blue madras; or blue-and-white - striped broadcloth.
SOCKS: Black or dark blue ribbed lisle or thin wool.
SHOES: Black; straight toecaps.

CASUAL

HAT: Medium gray snap brim.
TIE: Dark blue background, colorful pattern—stripes or all-over design; or striped knit.
SHIRT: Blue or gray; blue, gray, or white striped. Soft collar.
SOCKS: Dark blue or dark gray lisle or thin wool.
SHOES: Black is *necessary* with solid blue worsted; dark brown possible with chalk stripes.

GREY FLANNEL

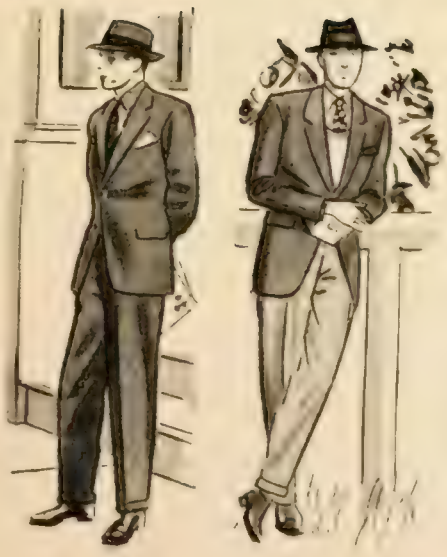
BUSINESS

HAT: Gray with turned-up brim.
TIE: Shades of gray and black, or gray and blue, in small geometric patterns; diagonal stripes of any color; woven wools; plain or striped knits.
SHIRT: Blue, gray, or white; or with cluster stripes combining these colors. Double cuffs.
SOCKS: Gray or black.
SHOES: Black, straight toecaps.

COUNTRY

HAT: Gray or brown snap brim.
TIE: Varicolored foulard, or wool challis printed like foulard; tweed-like wool; silk or wool knit.
SHIRT: Blue, gray, cream, or white; plain or striped.
SOCKS: Gray or brown wool; plain or with small patterns.
SHOES: Brown; plain tip or brogue; polished calf; reverse calf possible addition.

BROWN CHEVIOT OR TWEED



CITY

HAT: Dark brown, turned-up brim with a cheviot; snap brim with either cheviot or tweed. Gray is possible.
TIE: Brown should predominate. Silk knit, or closely woven wool; foulard with small geometric pattern.
SHIRT: Tan, or brown-and-white stripes; white. Light gray and blue are possible.
SOCKS: Brown lisle or wool.
SHOES: Brown, sturdy polished leather; plain tip or brogue.

COUNTRY

HAT: Brown or gray snap brim.
TIE: Wool ties, woven or knitted; or foulards.
SHIRT: Blue, gray, cream, or white; plain or striped. Oxford is good fabric; taffeta flannel very smart.
PULLOVER: Light blue or gray heather; natural.
SOCKS: Almost any color of *wool* socks. An Argyle plaid is smart.
SHOES: Brown, sturdy; plain tip or brogue; polished calf first choice; reverse calf possible.

FROM THIS DAY

Forward

Danger over, doubts set in. "I don't belong in Rodney's life," said Liz. Was she right?

BY ELSWYTH THANE

READING TIME • 33 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Elizabeth Dare, beautiful popular singer and dancer, marries Rodney Monroe, a young ornithologist, and goes with him and a group of scientists to Central America. His work absorbs him and she longs for the time when they can settle down at home and she can have him to herself.

One day, shortly after Rodney has killed a native derelict who dared to lay hands on Elizabeth, the two go off together for a picnic, and Elizabeth is truly happy for the first time in weeks. Then, suddenly, an earthquake shakes the mountain and Rodney is pinned beneath a fallen tree. He is unconscious and she realizes she must get help. She plods down the mountain, marking the trail as she goes with bits of cloth and wondering if she can reach Charles, Rodney's friend, in time to save her husband. As she struggles on, she thinks she hears Rodney's voice. Finally she falls, exhausted, into the mud.

PART SIX—RESCUE . . AND HOME AGAIN

☆ AGAIN Elizabeth heard him, as though he bent above her: "I, Rodney," he was saying, "take thee, Elizabeth—" She sat up groggily, and found herself in a slimy pool beside the track, which was now just a rivulet of mud. She got to her feet again, sliding and splashing onward in the mud of the trail.

It can't be far now—daylight's going fast—no, it can't be, it's still midafternoon. I do believe the rain is stopping—you can't find the bits of rag after nightfall—get up, I say—there we are, back on our legs again—legs still there, Liz. Now put one in front of the other—that's the girl, one in front of the other. I suppose I ought to pray, but I can't think of the words—Our Father, who art in heaven—that's the way it starts—Rodney would know what comes next—Rodney was properly brought up. I know what I'll do if I lose him—though—I'll die—

There was a shouting somewhere—strong hands caught her by the shoulders—she reeled, and somebody was holding her up.

"Liz!" cried Charles, and shook her. "What's happened? Liz, *where's Rodney?*"

☆ SOMETIME before midafternoon Charles had had one of his premonitions. The earthquake had done little damage at the Casa Paraiso, no one was really anxious about the two on a picnic, once it became fairly apparent that the volcano itself wasn't going to act up.

But when the storm broke in its fury, Skinner ventured the opinion that they ought to send Pedro up to meet Rodney and Elizabeth and bring them safely in.

"I'm going myself," said Charles, staring into the rain, "as soon as this slackens. Then we'll go out to meet him, with restoratives." And he went off to round up Jamaica and Pedro, with their machetes to clear the trail, and to order thermos bottles of coffee and a brandy flask.

At last the rain did slacken. Horses were saddled and Charles, Skinner, and Frank set out, wearing oilskins, with the restoratives in their saddlebags, a machete to each man, Pedro and Jamaica going on before.

They had not ridden far, only to the first kink in the trail, when they saw Elizabeth weaving drunkenly toward them but somehow staying on her feet until Charles caught her and held her up.

"Liz, what's happened? *Where's Rodney?*"

"Back there—under a tree—" she mumbled, pushing up her wet hair with a swollen bleeding hand. "He's hurt. I'll take you to him."

Frank unscrewed a thermos and held out the cup toward her full of strong black coffee laced with brandy. Charles poured it down her, scalding hot but bracing. They gave her a horse to hold on to on the other side, and she stood gripping the stirrup leather and shaking her head, fighting for consciousness.

"All right, take your time," said Charles, but his voice was not quite steady. "What happened up there?"

"A tree fell—it's got him across the legs. I couldn't move it. It killed the horse. He—Rodney—didn't answer when I spoke to him—I think his heart's still beating—"

"Where is he?"

"On the other side of the landslip. It came down again, across the trail. I marked the way I came—with bits of rag. I can show you the way. Can I have this horse?"

"Now, wait a minute," said Charles. "You can't start back like this. You won't last. Besides, we'd better get a doctor."

"There isn't time—it will get dark—I can't find the way to him after dark—" She tried to mount the horse.

"Easy now," said Charles, and swung her up, and she grabbed weakly at the pommel. "See what I mean? You've had enough. We'll go back to the house first and get some dry things on you and send the car down for the doctor. Then we can start right."

"There isn't time."

"It's the only way to do it, Liz," he explained patiently. "Pedro and Jamaica will go straight on now, and clear the trail. If Rodney's badly smashed I don't want to move him without the doctor."

"His legs—might be broken—he didn't answer—" She lurched and caught at the horse's mane.

"Hold tight, Liz—we'll get him."

Leading the horse which carried her, Charles started back toward the house, formulating his plans. Pedro and Jamaica were working the trail ahead of them. Skinner would drive the car into Santa Rosa and pick up the doctor. Meanwhile he and Mrs. Guerber between them would have to bring Liz round and keep her going somehow. To rush off blindly was no good. It wouldn't save time, Liz would collapse on the way, they might never get to Rodney.

Skinner went skidding madly down the road toward Santa Rosa in the car, the chains banging against the mudguards. Frank eased the saddle girths and went to make ready another horse for the doctor and one for Rodney. Rodney would have to come down on a horse somehow, unless—Charles was digging out a hammock, which formed the nucleus of a little heap of first-aid objects accumulating on the laboratory floor. Skinner was to tell the doctor to bring morphine, which was not included in their supplies.

Mrs. Guerber took charge of Elizabeth. She worked in an enigmatic silence which was neither disapproving nor friendly—gentle and efficient in all she did. Elizabeth submitted as she would have submitted to anything which would help her get back to Rodney. By the time the car was heard groaning up the road again she had drunk a bowl of thick hot soup and another cup of coffee, her arm was tightly bandaged, and she was dressed and waiting in the laboratory beside the oilskins, electric torches, lanterns, ropes, the hammock, and first-aid kit. The rain had shrunk to a drizzle and would soon stop.

Skinner was alone and white-faced. The doctor had gone to Santo Tomas,

where the quake had been very bad and the hospital was full of casualties. The wires were down. Some one would have to drive to Santo Tomas while the rest of them went to Rodney. The doctor had taken his opiates with him, and Father Joseph had none.

"Go to Santo Tomas," Charles told Skinner curtly. "Bring the doctor here if you have to hog-tie him."

Skinner threw in the clutch and was off again, his chains banging.

"Sturgis," said Charles, and Sturgis jumped for a waterproof. "Come on, Liz. Frank, load the stuff on the lead horse."

Pedro and Jamaica had by then cleared the trail of the worst obstructions nearly as far as the landslip, and the horses made fairly good time. There was going to be an angry sort of sunset, which would give them extra light.

At the landslip they all dismounted and started across on foot. It was agonizing work. Elizabeth and Charles went first, the others followed, leading the willing little horses by the bridles. The wind and rain had demolished some of her landmarks, and sometimes there was a long halt while she cast about wildly, with Pedro and Jamaica skirmishing round the edges. Each time the drenched bit of rag or soggy paper was found at last and they inched forward again.

Finally they came to the last stretch of trail between the landslip and the stair. Elizabeth and Charley broke into a stumbling run together, his hand at her elbow.

Rodney lay just as she had left him, face down in the fern, which was now matted and glistening with rain. His soaked shirt stuck to his shoulder blades, the note she had left was pulp in his fingers. Charles slid a capable hand under Rodney's chest.

"Attaboy! The old pump's still on the job! Where's Jamaica? All right, boys, lay hold of the tree and see what happens."

They all straddled the tree and laid hold. Their muscles bulged, their

Elizabeth slept at last and a reassuring report could be made to Rodney.

faces got red, their veins stood out. It made not a millimeter of difference to the tree.

"That's no good," said Charles. "Let's think now. The ground is soft underneath him. I don't believe he's crushed at all. I think he's just—Yes, we'll dig him out with the machetes and our hands. It can be done!"

Down on their knees on either side of him, they worked like terriers in the black soil, until Rodney lay in a shallow sort of trench.

☆ AS they hauled him into the clear, Rodney had come to on a gust of plain and fancy swearing which was music to their ears. Its mule-skinner Spanish embellishments made Jamaica grin and raised it well above Elizabeth's comprehension.

"All right, all right. Tell us just what you think of us, we like it!" said Charles affectionately, and his competent hands ran again over Rodney's body. "Where does it hurt? Anywhere above the knees? Give us a lap, Liz, to put his head in. That's better."

Rodney was silent now, his eyes closed. He gripped Elizabeth's ankle as she sat down and slid under him, and buried his face in her lap. Charles bent above him with the brandy flask.

"Have some of this, son."

Rodney opened his eyes, and closed them again as the whiff of brandy met his nostrils.

"Take it away. If I can pass out again, let me. It's my right leg, mostly. Get on with it."

"Ribs feel all right?"

"Yes."

"Back all right?"

"It's my *leg*, blast you. It wants a splint. Are we going to stay here all night? Where's Liz?"

"I'm here, Rodney."

"Hullo," he said. "What struck us?"

"You pushed me out from under the tree. It hit you."

"That's right. I remember. How did Charles get here?"

"I went after him."

"All by yourself? That's pretty cute. Weren't you scared?"

"I was scared you'd die before I got back."

"I'm not one to die of a broken leg, I guess. What's Charles doing?"

"Cutting down some saplings."

"That's for the splint. Tell 'em to hurry up."

"Oh, Rodney, does it hurt much?"

"It's pretty lively. Don't cry, Liz."

"I'm not c-crying."

"Either you're crying or the rain around here is salt. Oh, *damn* you, Charles, why didn't you warn me!" He pressed his face deeper into her lap, his fingers bit into her ankle.

Charles was kneeling beside him, working Frank's jacket around the injured leg as a pad. Pedro came up with two long rough-hewn poles and a rope, and Frank was searching out adhesive tape and rolls of bandage.

"Getting him over the saddle is going to be pure hell," said Sturgis in a low voice.

"I can fix that," said Charles. "Might as well now as later." He laid gentle hands on Rodney's shoulders and turned him so that Rodney lay in the bend of his arm. Rodney's eyes unclosed. A look pasesd between them. "All right, son, let's deal with it," said Charles, and brought his fist up sharply to the point of Rodney's jaw. He replaced the inert weight on Elizabeth's lap and returned to his splint-making. "Now we can work fast," he added. "Let me know the minute he starts to come round, Liz."

She sat with her fingers in Rodney's hair while they worked. When the splint was in place, Jamaica stooped and lifted Rodney in his arms like a child, with Charles supporting the splinted leg, and hung him on his stomach across the saddle of a horse. And then, with Charles on one side and Sturgis on the other to keep things from hitting him, they began the slow jolting journey back.

It was long after dark when they reached the Casa Paraiso, and the doctor still had not arrived. Jamaica and Charles lifted Rodney off the horse and got him into the house and on his bed, which Mrs. Guerber had in readiness. He fainted again when they took him off the horse, and lay quiet while they undressed him, looking very flat and dead. It was not till then that anybody noticed that Elizabeth's teeth were chattering uncontrollably and she was shaking all over as she sat huddled in a chair in a corner of the room.

"Liz has fever," said Sturgis. "She must get to bed at once."

"I'm all right," she insisted, chattering. "I need some brandy, that's all."

"Rum and quinine for you," he told her kindly. "I'll fix it."

He went away, and Mrs. Guerber came to her.

"You are to have Charles' room now, and he will sleep here," she said. "I have moved out his things and Dr. Sturgis'. Come along, I'll help you to bed." She reached down strong comforting hands, but Elizabeth jerked away from her, crouching back into the chair.

"But I want to be near Rodney! Why can't I stay with Rodney?"

"Because you are no good to him now," said Mrs. Guerber bluntly. "You are going to be ill. You have fever."

"I'm perfectly able to take care of him myself—"

"Even if you were well, you could not nurse him alone. He is too heavy for you. How would you lift and turn him? Nursing a sick man who cannot help himself is not just feeding him broth out of a spoon. I have done it and I know! You have finished your part and now you can rest; you have earned it. Come to bed now and be good."

☆ ELIZABETH looked up with amazement into her face and saw that she was smiling, and when she smiled there was a place where a dimple once had been in the leathery cheek. Clinging to the strong comforting hands of the woman whose husband called her Ernestine, Elizabeth allowed herself to be led away into the room next door. By the time she had been got to bed and dosed with Sturgis' witch's brew of hot rum and quinine she was babbling in feeble delirium.

Skinner finally arrived, bringing the doctor, who had been laboring for hours among the casualties of Santo Tomas, and slept exhaustedly while Skinner drove. He stepped out of the car fresh and efficient, with his little bag of tools, and requisitioned Mrs. Guerber at once for the administration of ether.

During her absence, Sturgis was told off to watch beside Elizabeth, who every now and then tried to get out of bed in the belief that Rodney still lay face down under the tree waiting for her to come back to him. While the sweet sickish odor of ether wafted in from Rodney's room, Sturgis held her down with hands as gentle as a woman's and tried to reason with her.

"Rodney's safe, child—thanks to you. You saved him, remember?"

"I didn't know what to do—he lay so still—Charles would have known

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what to do—it was my fault we went on the picnic alone—I wanted Rodney to myself—Charles wouldn't have let him die—"

"He isn't going to die, child—"

"N-not going to die—" she repeated, vaguely comforted.

"Not by a jugful. He's just got a bad leg—remember? He's going to be as good as new in no time. We've all got you to thank for that."

"Not going to die—"

Holding fast to Sturgis with hot dry hands, she seemed to doze.

When Mrs. Guerber came in from Rodney's room and said that all was well, Elizabeth roused again with the same single-minded impulse to finish a task which seemed to her only half done, and tried to get out of bed. Mrs. Guerber bent over her quickly, all tenderness, coaxing, reasoning, reassuring, stroking Elizabeth's hair, patting her scarred iodine-daubed hands, while Sturgis stared at them in astonishment and awe.

"There, there, lovey," she soothed over and over again, and Sturgis began to think he was delirious too. "There, there, lovey, don't you fret—your man is safe, all thanks to you—just a bad leg, lovey; it will mend. That's my brave girl—that's my darling. There, there, hold fast to me. Yes, it is all over now; you have only to rest and get well—" She turned her head, to find Sturgis gaping at her. "It is the shock," she said as though extenuating Elizabeth's loss of control. "Even more than fever, it is the shock, to see the man you love lie helpless—you doubt God. We will need the doctor here. Go and fetch him from the other room."

☆ STURGIS went off in a daze to where Charles and the doctor sat by Rodney, waiting for him to come out of the ether—and reported that Mrs. Guerber had gone all soft and motherly in the twinkling of an eye and was calling Liz her darling.

"The iron woman has melted," said Sturgis, mopping his brow. "You wouldn't know her!"

Charles looked bewildered and said, "No fooling?"

"Women," said the little Spanish doctor, and nodded his head wisely. "Always they understand each other. It leaves us no place!" He went away into Elizabeth's room.

As the night wore on, Rodney wavered back through the mists of anesthetic to pain and the sound of sobbing.

"I didn't know what to do for him—" Elizabeth's pitiful tale ran on and on, and every word had to come in through the open doors. "He could have had my life, but I didn't know how to give it to him—so I had to leave him there—I *knew* I oughtn't to leave him, but I didn't know what else to do—there was nobody but Charles to save him—I wasn't any good to him, I didn't even know how to pray—I don't know anything. If Rodney dies, Charles has the right to shoot me—I hope he *will* shoot me—oh, I *hope* he will—"

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Rodney dragged his eyes open and found Charles beside the bed, watching him.

"It's all right, son," said Charles at once. "Liz is in for a go of fever. The doctor is with her."

"Fever," Rodney whispered, and his head moved restlessly on the pillow. "I was afraid of that. I caught her skipping her quinine."

"No!" said Charles.

"I hoped she'd get by without anything like this, though. I ought to be in there with her—"

"She'll be all right. Mrs. Guerber is with her—"

"I want Rodney," said Elizabeth suddenly on a new note. "If Rodney's alive, why isn't he here? You're lying to me, there's something wrong—why doesn't Rodney come?"

"He can't come, lovey, he's got a bad leg—"

"Rodney!" Elizabeth persisted, and then, with the old familiar scream of terror—"*Rodney!*!"

"Sh! Do you want to wake him? Rodney's got to sleep, you mustn't disturb him—"

Rodney struggled up on one elbow. "Get Jamaica," he said. "I'm going in there. I bet Jamaica could carry me—"

"Now, now, take it easy, son, that won't help." Charles stood over him. "She's scared. You go in and talk to her, then. Tell her I'm all right. She might listen to you."

"She won't, not just now; she doesn't take anything in. It will wear off, and she'll sleep. Now, look. If you start caving round like this, they'll blame me for being a rotten nurse. Here, it's time for your medicine."

Rodney regarded the small white pill with suspicion.

"What is it?"

"Doctor's orders."

"I don't want a sedative now. I've got to keep track of things."

"You'll keep track. Come on, son, down it."

Rodney swallowed the pill and lay still, enduring his leg and listening.

"She's scared," he said again. "I was out like a light. It must have been hell for her. No wonder she thinks I'm dead. She never ought to have had a scare like that." And finally, with another weary turn of his head on the pillow, "Isn't there some way to stop her?"

"The doctor's working at it. He's a good little guy and knows his job."

"What sort of temperature is she running?"

"A hundred and four."

"That's pretty tough," said Rodney, and sighed helplessly, and lay there, listening. "I ought to be with her. She counts on me when she's scared. A hundred and four is tough. Two fifths more, and you hope you die. Four fifths more, and maybe you do."

"Nobody around here is going to die," Charles said firmly. "Not if I catch 'em at it!"

"She can't understand what they say to her. If I could only get my hands on her she'd be quiet—let me know if it goes on up—she'd listen to me—things are slipping—damn you, Charles, you've doped me—" His eyes closed against his will.

☆ "SUCH love!" sighed the little Spanish doctor enviously, when Elizabeth slept at last, sweating, and a reassuring report could be made to Rodney before they knocked him out with another sedative. "Such love! It is like the cinema!"

"What do you say we just wash 'em and drain 'em tonight and not dry 'em?"

BY GERARD

☆ THE holocaust had thrown down trees and flooded ravines and damaged or drowned the eggs and fledglings in most of the nests they were watching. Charles and Pedro brought in two young birds which promptly died. So far as the harpy eagle enterprise was concerned, the trip was, Charles said grimly, a washout.

Rodney's disappointment seemed to Elizabeth disproportionate. In her view, Rodney was alive and bother the eagles, let's go home. But to Rodney it was failure, and he had never before failed on so grand a scale as to find himself helpless with an important part of the job unaccomplished. Rodney was both angry and blue. His leg, which had suffered rough treatment and gone too long untended, was giving him more trouble than would usually be the case, and would be slow in mending. After his first pleasure and relief at seeing Elizabeth like herself again when she was up and about, Rodney refused to cheer up. He said he would have to come back next year for the eagles, and Elizabeth, turning cold, thought, Oh, no, never again!

The bond between Mrs. Guerber and Elizabeth strengthened day by day. They were Lisa and Ernestine to each other now, and that surprising dimple in Mrs. Guerber's leathery cheek came and went as they bent their heads together in inconsequential female chatter over mending, needlepoint, or a new magazine in the mail. "She is so happy," Dr. Guerber would point out, almost in tears himself. "Not since years have I seen her like this! It is the girl she never bore—it is the *Mädchen* she prayed for—at last—"

Rodney had a different explanation. "Liz beat her at her own game," he said to Charles.

There was some discussion of flying him to the hospital at Panama for treatment as soon as he could be moved. That project was abandoned after some frantic cabling by Andrew, in favor of flying him straight through to New York as directly and quickly as possible. There was an airfield at Santa Ana, thirty miles away, which connected with both Tegucigalpa and San José, and thence via Balboa and Miami with New York. Elizabeth and Charles were to leave with him. The rest, under Sturgis' command, would finish the packing and return by boat via Los Angeles.

Elizabeth, who hated to fly, packed her bags and Rodney's with efficient hands, and checked off the remaining days on a calendar.

At last the day came when a rather primitive little motor ambulance rattled over from Santo Tomas to drive them to Santa Ana, where a rather raffish-looking plane awaited them for the first leg of the journey. Elizabeth eyed it with misgiving, but the pilot

brought them down safely with a flourish beside the big gray Pan-American plane which was to carry them to Balboa. From there on in it wasn't bad.

Andrew met them at LaGuardia Field with an ambulance, a limousine, and an expression of acute anxiety, which last cleared a little when Elizabeth flung herself round his neck and Rodney greeted him with a rueful smile.

Then the doctors got at Rodney and made his life a misery to him. Elizabeth moved in with Aunt Virginia at the apartment and spent as much time at the hospital as was allowed. Rodney was not permitted to use his leg, and his state of mind was disheartening. He moped and he brooded.

Gradually a feeling of permanent apology toward him damped Elizabeth's spirits. It was all her fault. If he hadn't taken her to the stair on a picnic, it would never have happened. *You don't belong in my life,* he had said once. She was to blame for his first real failure in the field. He would never, never forgive her. . . . .

And so she in her own way began to brood, which Rodney had once said was fatal. Her guilt seemed to her too obvious to require mentioning—and if Rodney did not hold her responsible for the ruin of his trip, why did he act the way he did? Oh, yes, he seemed glad to see her each day when she came to the hospital. He kissed her hands, and took an interest in the foolish, hopeful offerings she laid on his coverlet—she spent hours combing the town for gifts which might amuse him. But there was no getting round one thing! Even after the pain left, even after he got out of the hospital and came to live at the apartment, Rodney was not himself, and Elizabeth went on feeling penitent and small, so that silences fell with a thud between them now, and something of spontaneity was gone from their companionship.

It was one of those situations which a few sensible words in the right place might have cured. But two highly strung people tempestuously in love seldom say sensible things. If Elizabeth had only abased herself openly in words, he might have seen what his quite natural depression was doing to her, and then his normal philosophy would have reasserted itself for her protection, as it had not done for his own. But in his unnatural preoccupation with himself, he thought he saw her being bored by his invalidism—he was almighty bored by it himself—and so he only fretted against it the more. Things were getting pretty bad.

Each time Aunt Virginia made a move to vacate the guest room and leave them to themselves, Elizabeth implored her to stay and help amuse Rodney. Aunt Virginia, never having seen much of them together before, was unaware how serious the rift was becoming, but she did feel instinctively that it was high time Rodney pulled himself together. She finally said so, on an afternoon when Elizabeth had gone out to choose some new books for reading aloud, which was one way they filled in their silences now.

"This broody spell of yours," said Aunt Virginia bluntly, "has gone on about long enough. I don't say you haven't got cause—no man can bear to have anything the matter with him, much less one with the physical conceit you've always had. But you're getting on my nerves, young man, and I'm sorry for your wife!"

"So am I," he said meekly, and at his restless movement the cane he used when he walked fell down beside his chair. "I guess I'm on her nerves too."

"Has she told you so?"

"She doesn't have to. I can read Liz like a book."

"Oh, *can* you!" said Aunt Virginia, and her tone was hostile. "Can you, indeed! Well, how about the writing on the wall? Can you read that too?"

He glanced at her with an apprehension quickly veiled.

"I'm not sure," he said. "As a matter of fact, I'm not sure of anything any more."

"That's bad," said Aunt Virginia unsympathetically.

"What do you see written on the wall? Do you think she wants to go back to the stage?"

"Is that what's haunting you?" she asked shrewdly. "Because I know something is."

"I wish you'd find out if she does,"

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Use Thin Gillettes, well-groomed guys say.
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he said. "I can't ask her. It's silly, but every time I try I cave in. She isn't the way she used to be, that's all I know. Something's gone." He put his head in his hands. "It was asking too much of her—what she had to do for me. If I'd dreamed anything like that would happen I'd never have let her go with us at all. Sometimes I wonder if she doesn't hate me for letting her in for a thing like that!"

Aunt Virginia put down her knitting and went and sat on the broad arm of his chair and laid her arm across his shoulders. He leaned against her gratefully, his face hidden.

"I think you're exaggerating," she said.

"It should never have happened to her. I was the guy that was going to make her forget all the ugly things she knew. And look at me! I damned near killed her, that's what it amounts to!"

"She won't hold it against you if you behave yourself now," said Aunt Virginia, her fingers in his hair.

"I've lost her," he said hopelessly.

"Oh, nonsense!"

"She only went along because she wanted to be with me—and she almost died of it. That's quite a lot to forgive!"

"All the same, I can't help but feel there's a screw loose somewhere in your thinking," said Aunt Virginia. "I can't prove it to you right now. But I don't think you've read her right side up."

"It's gone," said Rodney, sitting very still.

"What is? Or shouldn't I ask?"

"Whatever we had that was different from everybody else. Maybe we'll get along somehow—but now we're just any two people who are married to each other, getting along. That's not just time, and custom, and general staleness. It happened to us because of the earthquake. We were all right, I tell you, in spite of everything—till after the earthquake."

"It will come back, my dear, when you're quite well again."

"I don't see how it can. It was in her eyes—it was somewhere inside me, like my heart beating." He slid forward, his arm across her lap and his face hidden. "It's gone," he said.

☆ ELIZABETH came out of the shop carrying a parcel of books, and started to signal a taxi. Then, on an impulse too sudden and too instinctive to be anything but a hunch, she turned and walked quickly down the block to the small apartment hotel where Charles was staying in a couple of rooms, to be near Rodney, while he worked up notes on the trip and coordinated material which Rodney would need when he wrote the book he had not yet had what it took to begin.

She went up in the elevator without being announced and rang the bell. Charles himself opened the door. She had been sure that he would. She smiled her orphan smile into his surprised face.

"Can I come in? I want to—ask you something where Rodney can't hear."

"Delighted," said Charles, stunned.

She came in and sat down in silence on the davenport. Charles took the other end and offered her cigarettes, which was lightheaded of him, as he knew she didn't smoke.

"No, thanks, I—only want to stay a minute, if you aren't too busy—"

"Why would I be too busy?" he inquired, his kind blue eyes taking in the fact that she was troubled and humble and nervous, his kind heart going out to her in pity as it would have done to anybody in those circumstances. "Can I do something?"

"You can tell the truth," she said.

"Sometimes I can—if I try real hard."

"Well, first of all—Rodney's going to be all right, isn't he? I mean—his leg *will* get well?"

"Sure. By the end of the summer probably he won't even be limping."

"He can ride again, and—do all the things that he's used to?"

"Of course. Don't you worry about that."

"Well, then—now, Charles, I want the truth!"

"All right, I promise."

"Do you think I ought to—clear out?"

Charles stared. "I don't know what you mean," he said.

"I mean I don't belong in Rodney's life—you may as well admit that; he said so himself while he was still trying not to marry me! I knew I didn't, but I—I wanted him anyhow. Well, I've not done him any good so far; we may as well admit that too. So hadn't I better just—eliminate myself?"

"It's a bit late to do that, isn't it?" said Charles, groping.

"I could tell him I wanted to go back to the stage, I thought."

"Do you?"

Her eyes filled. "No. But that's got nothing to do with it."

"I think it has," said Charles. "In fact, I think that's the answer. If you don't want to leave him—why bring it up?"

"To set him free!" she cried, and began to search desperately in her bag for a handkerchief, and as usual had lost it. "I know that sounds like something out of a Pinero play, but it was all my fault and I just can't bear it any longer! He's much too polite to blame me out loud, but I never should have gone on the trip at all. Why did you let me?"

Charles handed her the clean handkerchief from his breast pocket.

"He wanted you to go," he said. "He hoped you'd like it once you got there."

"Well, I didn't. I'm not meant for that sort of thing, and I never pretended to be. He'd be better off without me."

"Now, wait a minute," said Charles. "Have you said anything to him about all this?"

"No, I can't. Once I could say anything I liked to him and be sure that he would understand, but now—"

"You remember that country you sent me to last month? Well, it isn't there!"

"Well, you certainly can't walk out on him without—"

"No, no. Don't you understand, Charles? It's the *way* I walk out that counts! If he knows I'm just doing it to get out of his way, he'll be so nice about it I'll collapse, the way I did when I tried to send him away before we were married. But if I put on an act about wanting to go back to my career, he'd accept that, wouldn't he? It wouldn't matter to him after a while, and—"

"It would half kill him, that's all," said Charles.

"I wish I could believe that, but—"

"Look, Liz. I had a premonition. I saw all this coming—well, something of the sort, anyway." Charles got up and walked round the room with his hands in his pockets. "If I'd thought less of Rodney—or if I'd been a little more of a heel than I am—well, I'd have been glad to see you drop dead or something before we started. But all that was yesterday. Speaking in the light of what I know now—if you walk out on Rodney for any reason I can think of, up to and including some other guy, I'll shoot you, Liz, by gum I will!"

"Why—why, *Ch-Charles—!*"

"You're a grand gal, Liz. I'm the first to admit that," he said, wandering up and down the room. "But sometimes I wonder what you think you think with, I really do, because it's not brains, it can't be! You are the most sublimely nitwitted thing I ever saw in my life, and for two cents I'd be crazy about you myself. But this is tops, Liz. This beats anything you've ever tossed off before!"

"B-but. I don't understand. I thought—"

"Sure you don't; you never do know what it's all about, but there you sit, looking as though you could be eaten with a spoon, and Rodney can't live without you, and I'm not sure I could either now, so you want to put on an act and go back to your Career! And for why? Have you got some loony idea Rodney will forget he ever set eyes on you?"

☆ "W-WOULDN'T he?" she queried, awed.

"No!" shouted Charles in utter exasperation. "You're not that kind of woman, worse luck!" He came and sat down beside her and took both her hands in his. "Liz, don't you know *anything*? Rodney's in love with you, gal. You've heard tell of love—it's what makes the world go round."

She was gazing at him with an incredulous kind of hope. "But he—acts so sort of f-funny now—"

Charles sat looking down at her beautiful unself-conscious hands between his blunt brown ones, wondering how they had got there. The fragrance of her was in the room, along with the smell of his pipe. Rodney's wife, Rodney's love, the light of Rodney's soul—between his hands. Maybe she didn't belong in their lives, but there was no way to swear off now, as though she was tobacco or hard liquor. She hadn't a lick of sense, she didn't know a bird from a tree, she was always afraid of things, always the wrong things, until she had some real reason to be scared, and then she came through like a ton of bricks; she spelled trouble, dalliance, and confusion. They would certainly have been better off without her, but now she was theirs, for better or for worse, and heaven help her.

"You're acting pretty funny yourself," he said slowly, feeling his way. "I don't know why you pick on me for this. I'm no Mr. Fix-it, but I'll tell you one thing, Liz—just one, and after that you're on your own. Never leave him. Not even if he kicks you down a flight of stone steps. See what I mean?"

☆ SHE gazed at him bewilderedly still, her hands in his.

"Charles."

"M'm-hm?"

"You're awful sweet."

He put her hands back in her lap, and rose, and began to fill his pipe.

"Have you got any fixed ideas about where you spend the summer?" he queried casually.

"Well, that's another thing. Of course I w-wanted to go to Maine, but Rodney thinks he'll do better at the farm writing the book now—and Aunt Virginia says to look out, because he's sure to find it dull at the farm, and—"

"All right, I know what she means," said Charles hastily. "Now, look, Liz. You go right back home and raise hell about Maine."

?

"Yep, you go back there now and start in on him. Beg, coax, cry, nag, have jimjams—but hold out for Maine!"

? ?

"Then tomorrow I'll come in all breezy-like and say, 'What about Maine? Let's make up our minds. Are we going to sit around here all night?' And Rodney will say, 'That's funny, Liz has been at me about Maine.' And I'll say, 'Doesn't she want to go?' And Rodney will say, 'Well, as a matter of fact, she wants to start right away.' And I'll say, 'Fine! What are we waiting for?'" He spread his hands. "It's so simple," he said, and grinned.

"B-but do you think he'll—"

"A couple of days ago he wrote to Mercer, asking him to take the directorship of the Station this summer," said Charles. "Only I forgot to post the letter. That's called a coincidence."

"Oh, Charles, you're wonderful!"

"Not at all," said Charles modestly. "I was wondering how the dickens I was going to get round him about this. Heaven sent you here today, Liz. Heaven knows exactly what we're up against. Heaven is well acquainted with these Monroes!"

Can Liz and Rodney recapture the thing they seem to have lost? Or are their lives destined to drift farther apart? There are more pitfalls ahead for their love than either of them dream of. And one appears in next week's eventful chapter.

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FOR GOOD LOOKING HAIR

"BAD PENNY"

BY WALTER C. BROWN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ "WELL, here it is, sarge—357 Cedar Avenue," Connelly said as he stopped the coupé at the curb.

Sergeant Blake looked out at the trim white brick house, then took a memo from his inside breast pocket.

"Let's get this straight, Connelly, before we barge in on them. You drove out to Brainard and checked on Danning's record with the Central Electric Company—"

"That's right, sarge," Connelly said. "This Mr. and Mrs. Danning are just ordinary everyday people. There's nothin' at all to hook 'em up with a murder angle. I talked to the general manager—a guy named Porter. He says Danning worked there fourteen years—master electrician. One of their best men. He had to quit on account of sickness—some kind of stomach trouble. While I was in Brainard I did some snoopin' around the Dannings' old neighborhood too. Everybody gave 'em the O. K. How's that check up with what you gathered here in Larchton?"

"Pretty much the same story," Blake replied. "Only thing that looks a little shady is the amount of dough they've laid away in the bank. And they've been adding to it, even though Danning isn't working."

"Maybe I can explain that," Connelly put in. "Mrs. Danning came into an inheritance about a year ago, when her father died. Mr. Porter told me all about it. The dough was tied up in farm properties, and Mrs. Danning's been selling them off."

"Well, then, that's that," Blake said, and opened the car door. "Come on; let's give 'em the once-over."

A square-jawed, dark man in shirt sleeves opened the house door.

"Mr. George Danning?" Blake asked. "I'm Sergeant Blake of the State Police. And this is Detective Connelly."

"Police!" Danning exclaimed sharply. "What d'ya want here?"

"Nothing to be alarmed about," Blake replied. "We just want to see you about the automobile you reported stolen a couple of months ago."

"Oh—the car!" Danning echoed. "So you've found it, eh? Well, come in—come in," he invited, holding the door wide as he called up the stairs, "Hey, hon! They've found our car! The police are here! Come on down!"

Mrs. Danning came downstairs quickly—a blonde woman whose round baby-blue eyes and tight rosebud mouth gave an appearance of youth. She hugged a quilted white house robe about her plump figure.

"You've found our car—after all this time?" Mrs. Danning exclaimed. "Where was it? Who stole it?"

"It was sunk in the Brockton Quarry," Blake replied. "That's away up the state, near a town called Oakmont. A boy was drowned in the quarry pool, and when they were dragging it they found the car. Otherwise it might have lain there till Resurrection Day. . . . There was a dead man inside it!"

"A dead man!" Danning echoed. "Who was he? Was he the man who stole our car?"

"We're not sure—yet," Blake replied. "The body was in pretty bad shape. But it looks like murder, and from various articles we found on him, it seems the man's name was James C. Garber. Ever hear of him?"

Danning shook his head. "No; I don't know anybody named Garber."

"Neither do I," Mrs. Danning said.

"Well, we're still trying to trace him," Blake continued. "We found a racing form in his pocket, so we think maybe he was a bookie."

"Racket stuff, eh?" said Danning. "Well, all I can tell you is that two or three days after we moved to town we left the car parked on Larchton Avenue while we went to the movies, and when we came back it was gone. I reported it right away."

"Was the car insured?" Blake asked.

"Only against collision," Danning replied. "It was an old car, you see. But I've got the papers and all the old license tags down in the garage. I'll turn them over to you, sergeant, if that'll help any."

"Yeah, I'd like to see 'em," Blake said.

In the garage Danning led the way to a workbench littered with tools and worn leather kit bags.

"All my old equipment," he said. "I used to work for the Central Electric at Brainard before my health broke down. If you want to know anything about me, just call up Porter, the general manager."

He made a considerable clatter turning over the tools on the bench. "Here are the old license plates," he said. "The title papers should be here, too—yes, here they are."

Sergeant Blake swung around from his brief inspection of the garage. With a mere glance at the papers, he folded them and stuck them in his pocket.

"O. K.," he said—and then his voice lashed out sharply. "Now, get your hat and coat! I'm taking you back to Brainard. I want Mr. Porter to have a look at you, because I've a hunch *you're not George Danning!*"

The square-jawed man fell back a step. "What do you mean—I'm not George Danning? Are you crazy?"

Blake moved in closer. "You heard me. I think you lied about the car being stolen. I think you pulled a fast one—you and Mrs. Danning—and if my guess is right, that's Danning's body we found in the sunken car. My next guess is that *you're Garber*—that you teamed up with this woman to get rid of her husband as soon as they left Brainard, and came here to live while she cashed in on her inheritance."

"Take your hands off me, copper!" the man snarled, trying to twist out of Blake's grip. "Gracie!" he yelled. "Give me the gun—quick!"

Mrs. Danning's hand came out of her quilted robe, trying to pass him a snub-nosed automatic. But Connelly plunged forward, twisting her wrist aside.

"Hold him, sarge!" Connelly yelled, and without a lost motion caught up the gun and tapped the square-jawed man smartly behind the ear—just hard enough. With a single high-pitched scream, Mrs. Danning fell to the floor in a dead faint.

"Holy cats, sarge!" Connelly exclaimed. "Whyn't you tip me off you had the guy spotted for a phony? I'd no idea—"

"I didn't either—till just a minute ago," Blake snapped, "when I saw this." He went over to the electric meter on the wall and cut off the switch. Then he reached up and removed a penny from one of the plugs in the fuse box.

"Remember—Danning was a first-rate electrician," he said, holding up the copper coin. "Well, an expert doesn't patch up a blown fuse with a penny. That's strictly a trick for amateurs!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

With the change of a word a new title for this page is born. Like it? Now it justifies the statement in the lower right-hand corner by including *all* of the armed forces, "also their families and friends." Since December 7 it's been *our* war, and that means all of us.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ THIS is no old soldier writing you, but neither am I a raw recruit. I enlisted in 1939 when war broke out in Europe. . . . I had a hunch we'd be in it eventually. Now that we *are* in it, how can I transfer as soon as possible to the Far East fighting zone? I'm sick and tired of the general training routine and I believe I've had enough of it by now to help stop the Japs. So what the hell am I doing here? Don't think I'm "Section 8" material for talking like this, but it's how I feel, and *I want action.* What to do?

R. T., Fort Devens, Mass.

Keep your shirt on, soldier. Unless I'm very much mistaken, you won't have too long to wait before you'll get the action you want in some combat zone. Don't think you've had all that training for the fun of it. We're in a *real* world war this time, and before it's over there'll be A. E. F.s in places the men never heard of. Don't let your enthusiasm get the better of your judgment.

There must be many of the older service men who, for various reasons, find themselves in much the same position that I find myself. I am not an old man, but neither am I young: I was thirty-two when I enlisted for the first time back in '17. On account of my age and also minor but permanent injuries received in '18 (which were not sufficient to force me out of the service) I do not think I will be permitted to go out where I could possibly fire a few shots. It is a bit hard to take, but I am not complaining; I realize that present warfare is a younger man's game. However, we old-timers are not left entirely without hope. There is one thing we *can* do, if permitted: fill in a spot here at home and thereby release younger and better men for active service.

Sgt. J. Y. C., San Francisco, Calif.

There is a spirit I admire. . . . Teamplay will win this war with every one of us filling his spot according to his physical abilities. More power to you, old-timer!

Will you please publish a list of the personal articles that a selectee should take with him when he enters the Army? Thank you.

A. H. W., Long Island City, N. Y.

It's been said that a man could show up at the reception center in bathing trunks and not suffer for lack of any essential. Most recruits take too much stuff rather than too little. But there are a number of more personal items that come in mighty handy. Please remember that the following are by no means all essential and I could easily shorten or lengthen the list: wrist watch (shockproof type), fountain pen (with military clip), mechanical pencil and extra leads, flashlight (pen type), jackknife, cigarette lighter (glow type), toilet soap, shaving soap, favorite razor and blades (standard razor is issued), styptic pencil, tooth paste, dental floss, nail clippers, pocket comb and nail file, mirror (unbreakable type), clothesbrush, shoebrush, sewing kit, handkerchiefs (extra), slippers (moccasin type), and some ready cash. Practically all merchandise is on sale at Post Exchanges.

I'd like to make a suggestion to all the "crabbers" and "gripers" who feel they've been mistreated in some way or other. Maybe they have been, but they're not going to get anywhere by telling the world. Some months ago I adopted my own Golden Rule: "I am just as tough as this Army and I can take anything that's dished out." It works and it helps—as in the case of those rescinded Christmas furloughs.

Pfc. D. R. V., Sheppard Field, Tex.

Hardly a Golden Rule, but a darn good principle to live by when the goin's tough.

Can a private marry without the permission of a superior officer?

Z. L., Muskegon, Mich.

He *can*, with the consent of the bride of course. Whether he *should* or not is another matter, depending upon his ability to support her, or the bride's to support herself. If you mean "will he be punished?" the answer is no—not by a military court—but marriage is discouraged by the Army for enlisted men below the first three grades of noncommissioned officers because the men cannot properly support families on Army pay. If a man has an adequate independent income, or the bride is otherwise provided for, that's another matter. Technically, an enlisted man is presumed to ask for permission from his C. O. before taking the fatal step.

A bunch of the boys were having a spot of poker in the dispensary. Came a knock on the door.

"Who comes there?" yelled one of the pill-rollers.

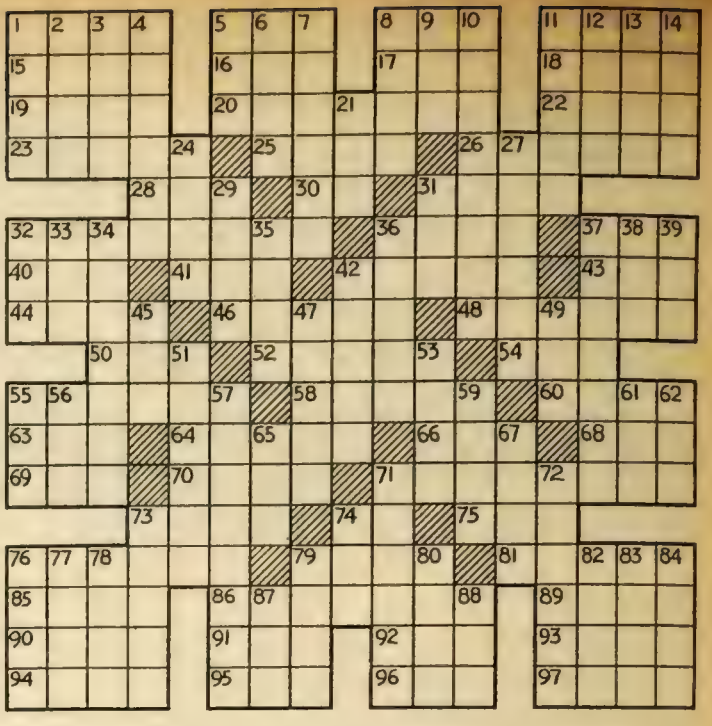
A quiet voice answered: "This is Rigor Mortis. May I set in?"

Army Times.

"Don't let him frighten you—to me, he's nothing more than an overactive pituitary condition."

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

CROSSWORDS by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

1 Seed covering
5 Part of body
8 Total
11 Sodium bicarbonate
15 Confront
16 Card game
17 Fruit drink
18 Declare
19 Astonished
20 Model of perfection
22 Clothing accessory
23 Pertaining to kidneys
25 Rested on
26 Worships
28 Male turkey
30 In like manner
31 Contribution
32 Product of rock decay
36 Twirl
37 Beast of burden
40 Anger
41 Note of Guido's scale
42 Vacant
43 Prefix: new
44 Colorless
46 Musical drama
48 Good-natured
50 Part of to be
52 Malice
54 Vegetable
55 Dirty
58 Perfect
60 Singer
63 In time past
64 Speedily
66 Cyst
68 End
69 Weight
70 Drinks slowly
71 Burial place
73 Relinquish
74 Ejaculation
75 Age
76 Make fun of
79 Image
81 Socially elect
85 Encourage
86 Made a pattern
89 Paradise
90 Bestow excessive love
91 Confection
92 Compass point
93 Lack
94 Units
95 Machine part
96 Dakotan Indian
97 Color (pl.)

VERTICAL

1 At a distance
2 Intense anger
3 Sacred image
4 Papal envoy
5 High mountain
6 Deep cry
7 Glum
8 Herb
9 Japanese herb
10 Threatening
11 Wooden shoe
12 Above
13 Take out (printing)
14 Skill (pl.)
21 Commotion
24 Knowledge
27 Domestic animal
29 Greek island (var.)
31 Health resort
32 Part of face
33 Macaw
34 Figure of man (arch.)
35 Strikes lightly
36 Roofing stone
37 Enliven
38 Ocean
39 The sun
42 Tea rose
45 Silkworm
47 Heroic narrative (pl.)
49 Catch unexpectedly
51 Expunged
53 Repose
55 Stout stick
56 Self
57 Generally prevailing
59 Crippled
61 Title of respect
62 Scrutinize
65 Imitate
67 Part of bird's bill
71 Irascibility
72 Gift
73 Summons
74 Poem
76 Wall border
77 Black
78 Nerve network
79 The same
80 Unaspirated consonant (Lat.)
82 Thought
83 Between thirteen and nineteen
84 Terminates
87 South American wood sorrel
88 Scotch river

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT

YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

IT'S true—*all* smokers *sometimes* inhale. But—between PHILIP MORRIS and other leading cigarettes there's a tremendous difference in irritant qualities. Doctors who *compared* the *five* leading brands report that . . .

IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO PHILIP MORRIS, IRRITANT EFFECTS OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS HIGH—AND LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

Finest tobaccos—of course. *But that's not enough!* PHILIP MORRIS are *made* differently. They *taste* better—they're *proved better* for your nose and throat.

Just Remember—It's America's Finest Cigarette

effort for him to speak now. "I have a flask of brandy in my cabin. It—it might help. In a pigskin bag. If there's time."

Joe stepped out and slid unnoticed along the starboard side of the house, hearing the Old Man bawl from the bridge: "Lower away, but don't slip her. I'm coming!"

Joe found the pigskin bag and snatched out a bottle nearly full. He pushed his way out of the cabin, ran along the passageway, and climbed the starboard ladder. The last boat had been lowered now, but he could tell from the tension on the falls that it had not been slipped, that the Old Man was still aboard. He was breathing hard as he ran across the deck and ducked through the doorway. Then his heart leaped and he nearly dropped the bottle. For Henri Martin lay sprawled upon the floor, the toppled chair beside him.

☆ JOE BRONSON yelled, his voice ragged and stiff as he dropped to his knees: "Henri!"

He pulled a shoulder that was limp under his hand, rolling the man on his back. His stomach heaved at the sight of that blood-soaked towel, but he shook the shoulder and spoke his name, and then, in desperation, felt for a pulse beat. When he was sure he sat back on his heels, stunned and faint inside.

He got wearily to his feet and blinked back the tears, for he was young. In his experience there had never been anything like this, and it took a while to make the necessary adjustments.

It was the Old Man's voice that pulled him out of it—the Old Man yelling something to the lifeboat which rode alongside. Only then did Joe Bronson begin to realize what Martin's death really meant; and for a second he could only stand there with the bottom dropping slowly out of his stomach. Then, all at once, the tension struck at him, and he caught his breath, and in his brain a sentence flamed: *Who else is there now but you and me?*

"No you don't!" Joe Bronson yelled, and now his face was ugly and tears came with his anger and frustration. "No you don't. It wasn't my idea."

He wheeled and stepped to the doorway. The after fall of the last lifeboat slackened suddenly before his eyes and he knew it was pulling away. But there was time. He could slide down a line and they would pick him up.

He took another step and glanced over his shoulder. He stopped, unable to pull his gaze away from that still figure on the floor. Then, shoulders sagging, he stepped back into the radio shack and closed the door, the tears streaking down his face and the hinge of his jaw white.

"Oh, damn you!" he said savagely. "Damn you!"

For a minute or so his body seemed detached and he had no wish to think, but moved mechanically, straightening the chair, placing Henri Martin's body gently to one side, picking up the automatic and examining it. Presently he stepped to the starboard window and glanced out.

Less than half a mile away the raider sat like a ship of ambush, watching him. The first of the Penndara's boats was alongside now, and he could see the occupants going up a ladder. White-clad figures lowered a stretcher from the deck for some one who was injured, and presently the boat was empty and the second one took its place. The third and last was still a quarter of a mile away when a gray motor lifeboat slid around the raider's stern, followed by a second.

He began to try and count the strokes of the Old Man's boat, so he wouldn't think. He could not use his key until all were safe aboard the raider, and either this would be done before the raider's crew arrived or it would not be done at all. He concentrated on his counting, watching the motorboats draw nearer while the other drew slowly closer to the raider.

"Hurry, will you?" he said, and was startled by the sound of his voice. He spoke again, just for the fun of it, and suddenly he wasn't nervous or scared any more, but bitterly occupied with his assignment.

First one motorboat and then the other slid from sight alongside the Penndara, one angling toward the forward well deck, the second toward the after ladder. He glanced toward the raider again. The Old Man was just going up the ladder, and so Joe turned from the window and stepped back in the shadows, standing in the doorway of the partition between the radio room and the bunkroom.

Through the forward windows he could command a good view of the deck, and seconds later he saw a white-clad officer running up the ladder to the bridge. Voices, shouted commands, came to him faintly. Two marines followed the officer, and in a moment two others appeared around the chartroom bulkhead and started toward him, grim, businesslike figures in their tropical whites and broad belts. Both were young, both were tall. One, the huskier of the two, carried a rifle with bayonet fixed, an automatic at his hip. The other had a submachine gun slung across his arm and two potato-masher grenades stuck in his belt.

Joe Bronson drew back behind the inner door, holding his breath. *You don't have to do this,* he thought. *You haven't touched the key. You can put your hands up and walk out and you'll be all right.* But still he stood there, watching through the crack with the tension winding up inside him. Now they were blocking the doorway. They were inside, bulking formidably in the little room, grunting with surprise when they saw the still figure on the floor.

"*Todt,*" the slender one said, examining Martin. He said something else in German, and his companion backed through the doorway, his footsteps fading quickly into silence.

Joe Bronson slid his fingers more snugly around the automatic and waited, watching this blond young German who now turned to the in-

"I don't have one in every port! I'm putting you down for the whole eastern seaboard."

strument panel and raised the submachine gun, butt first.

"Take it easy," Joe said, and stepped away from the door, his automatic leveled.

The German froze, eyes bulging and his jaw slack.

"That's swell," Joe said. "*Sprechen Sie Englisch?* Back up. In the corner, chum."

For a moment the man hesitated. His mouth closed and his eyes narrowed. He looked at the automatic. He measured Joe, and what he saw was a solidly built youth with curly copper hair, a slant to his rugged jaw that promised no good, and a tight hard grin that dared him to swing the gun. Then the moment was gone and he was backing up.

"Don't be a fool," he said, with but a trace of an accent.

"Ah," Joe said. "Now we can get along. In the corner, and put the gun on the floor, butt first. . . . Swell. Now turn around."

He drew the submachine gun to him, put the automatic in the other's back and withdrew the grenades. He retreated and sat down at the table, the gun and grenades at his feet. He put on the headset and dialed his receiver to the proper wave band.

"Open your mouth or make a move and I let you have it."

He switched the automatic to his left hand, and felt for the key. He gave it a couple of licks and then began to spank it in earnest.

A series of Rs came first, and this alone would be enough if the radioman on the cruiser was on his job; then a signature; then: *Shelled by German raider at 5.40. . . . Send plane. . . . All hands now aboard raider. . . .*

He got most of this out before the raider sounded recall, and after that Joe Bronson wasn't sure just what came through his earphones because of the din outside. He heard the cruiser's reply and kept spanking his own key, and always in the background the raider's whistle was blasting out urgent staccato notes.

☆ THE marine turned at the first sound, his face rigid. He spoke excitedly, lapsing into German. Joe aimed the gun.

"Sure," he said. "When you got to go, you got to go. And that's what makes it good. She won't dare shell me till you guys are clear."

When he heard shouts forward, he slipped off the headphones and stood up, motioning the German to the door. He tucked the grenades into his belt and slung the machine gun over his left arm, still pointing the automatic with his right. Then, as he stepped up behind the other, he heard running footsteps coming from aft along the deck, and spoke quietly:

"Tell him to keep going. Tell him you'll be right along. If he stops here, you get it first."

A marine loped into view, and Joe, standing to one side and peering out the door, saw him swerve. Then his prisoner was yelling something, his voice tense with fear. The other marine yelled back and kept on going.

Joe blew out his breath. "O. K.," he said. "Here we go." He peered out again. The deck was clear. The raider was still blasting recall and beginning to turn as she got under way. Joe poked the gun against the German's back. "Walk!"

They moved across to the corner of the bulkhead forward, where Joe stopped. Below he could see two men going over the side and down the ladder, and he was glad that Germans had been trained to obey orders.

"You're on your own," he said. "I've got you covered, but if you follow those guys you'll be O. K. Open your yap and I toss these grenades smack into the boat. Beat it!"

"Hey, pop, if you want me to pass in geography tomorrow, stop snorin' and let me get some sleep!"

He jabbed with the gun. The marine broke for the ladder and scrambled down. He ran across the well deck to the ladder, glancing back as he slipped over the side. Joe waved and said softly, "Damned if he didn't," as he turned and streaked for the radio shack.

The headphones were crackling as he snatched them up, the cruiser operator asking who was sending. Joe dropped them and bent over the key. *Raider crew recalled,* he tapped. *Standing by to pick up boats and shell me. . . . Send plane.* He straightened, glanced at the lifeless figure on the floor, and slapped out one more word: *Martin.*

He had reached the ladder aft, life jacket in one hand and the brandy bottle in the other, when the first shell hit. The accompanying blast of air knocked him to one knee, and there was a tremendous crash behind him and the deck shook. A slab of metal sailed past his head to splash harmlessly in the sea. When he staggered to his feet, he glanced over his shoulder and found the radio shack a tangled mass of debris.

"Bingo!" he said, and ran down the ladder and sat on the deck with his back to the steel bulkhead.

He wasn't scared, as he had been during that first shelling. He wasn't holding his breath. Instead he kept talking back to the raider, though he probably did not know it, and jeering profanely each time a shell hit the Penndara and lurched her a little lower in the water. Once the overhead crumpled a few feet forward, twisting the rail; but always he kept in the lee, and presently he could tell that the misses were becoming more frequent than the hits.

When at last he rose and left his place of safety, the ship was well down at the stern and listing badly. With difficulty he made his way back to the boat deck. The raider was nearly hull down to the south now, and he watched her a moment, his eyes avoiding the rubble that had been the radio shack, his mind closed to what was beneath it. Then he moved over to a life raft. With the list of the ship it was not difficult to slide it over the edge, where it dropped straight down, splashing cockily on the sea.

☆ FASTENING his life jacket, he went forward, climbing to the wheelhouse and the water cooler there. He took a long pull at the brandy bottle, dumped the rest of it out and filled it with water; then, tucking it in against his stomach, he went down to the forward well deck and slid down a line.

The water was warm, and he paddled over to the life raft and pushed it away from the ship's side, kicking with his feet until he was well clear before pulling himself aboard. Only then, as he sat on the raft, did he begin to think about what he had done; and now there came upon him a curious tingling sensation that he had never felt before, a strange inner warmth that had nothing to do with the sun or wet garments.

Though his arms and legs were weary, there was a lightness in his chest, a buoyancy, as though there had been some new growth here; and as he breathed deeply, wondering why this should be, he heard the faint humming off to the northeast. It grew rapidly into a distinct high-powered throbbing, and now this was synchronized with a sudden exultation that pulsed wildly in his chest.

The plane came on swiftly at perhaps three thousand feet, swerving slightly as it approached the foundering Penndara. Joe got to his knees and waved, and then the plane was overhead, and he could not tell whether it waggled its wings or not before it droned on toward the faint smudge of smoke on the horizon.

He watched it, not realizing he was yelling and cheering it on until the humming had faded into silence and he could no longer find it in the sky. Then he sat down, and suddenly his face warped in thought. "Maybe that was a bad angle," he said, half aloud. "Just because it was Martin's idea is no reason you had to sign his name. Suppose they don't come back?"

But somehow, even as he thought of this, what happened to him did not seem to matter so much any more.

THE END

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

SLACKS COURTESY SACONY

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ BLACKOUT curtains of flowered chintz, gaily decorative though lined with lightproof cloth, have been contributed to our morale by Kettner Gadebusch, a drapery expert who functions also as an air-raid instructor. "The idea," he told me, "is to help maintain civilian aplomb by keeping our houses as cheerful as possible despite raid precautions." His firm, Waverly Fabrics, supplements the chintzes with a line of juvenile picture-book curtains for blacking out children's rooms or nurseries. I thought the enterprise worth calling to your attention. Cost $11.75 for a standard-size window. Other sizes fitted to order. . . . Mr. Gadebusch gave me some interesting blackout facts and suggestions. Bakeries present a problem of their own, since they work all night with strong artificial light and are situated in the populous parts of cities. Parked automobiles offer another hazard, because their high polish makes them shine in any reflected light. Greenhouses too, but they're mostly in suburbs, therefore less dangerous. Walls of glass bricks will be painted. . . . Teach your children to adjust blackout curtains alone, without adult assistance. If your curtains are homemade, be sure the center overlap is ample and can be tightly closed. Be sure the sides and top are lightproof. Go outdoors and look, to make certain you've left no light leaks. Use cloth heavy enough to stop glass splinters. And *don't* worry!

☆ HERE'S one for superstitious readers: On Whitley Heights, in Hollywood, I went to see an apartment that people say has brought luck and success to all who have lived in it.

Former occupants include band leader Xavier Cugat, screen writer Fletcher Martin, military author Norman Bierne, movie director Jean Negulescu. All their careers took the decisive upward swing from that same address. Why? It's a two-and-a-half-room layout, rather sadly elaborate with pillars, alcoves, and Moorish tiles as pale as bleached bones. Perhaps the secret is in the bedroom. Only available space for the bed is beside an enormous window directly over a sheer precipice that drops several hundred feet straight down. Wooo! What a place to sleep! The apartment was empty when I saw it. Maybe its *luck* lies in the hard work tenants do, so they can afford to live somewhere else!

☆ THERE'S a wartime dilemma among the girls of a certain farming district in Canada. I heard about it from one of them who recently visited here. Near her home town the R. A. F. conducts a training field for young British pilots specially chosen to fly the smallest pursuit planes. Such pilots have to be as featherweight as jockeys. They are great little fighters, averaging five feet four with their boots on. . . . "We look awful dancing with them," says the young lady from Canada. "All the prairie-bred girls of my neighborhood are big and husky. Most of us stand around five feet eight in our stocking feet. I'm five feet nine and a half myself, and I'm not the tallest. If we tussle with these boys they say, 'Come now, that's not sporting. Why don't you pick on a chap your own size!' "

☆ A MISSIONARY lady who has lived in China taught me how to make this *Hong Kong Omelet* with crab meat and cucumber. It's a nice dish for Lent. My recipe serves four. . . . Break 1 cup canned or fresh crab meat into fair-sized pieces; don't flake the crab too fine. Marinate 1 hour in 1 tablespoon Chinese soy sauce, a generous squeeze of lemon, a sprinkle of ground ginger. You can get soy sauce at any good grocer's, and it's always a useful condiment to have in your pantry. Heat 1 tablespoon salad oil in small pan. Add 1 minced kernel garlic, salt. Fry just a few seconds, then put in 1 teaspoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons fresh cucumber, grated and drained. Thicken with 1 teaspoon cornstarch moistened with a little water. Boil up once; combine with crab meat; keep warm. Now make an omelet of 6 eggs, yolks and whites well beaten together. When omelet is ready, add the crab-and-cucumber filling; fold and serve. Pour any left-over filling on top.

☆ A NEW trick you may care to get wise to is the quick-drying color cosmetic for *legs*. You apply it from a tube, like a lipstick. It's called *Legstick*. Comes in two shades of suntan brown. The more you rub on, the darker your jambs. Dries almost immediately. A boon to bare-leg stocking-savers!

For history with a heartthrob, read the new book, Love Letters of Famous Men and Women—Ernest F. Dell's selection. (Published by Dodd, Mead & Company.)

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

DONALD DUCK (who of course is always in trouble) was having a particularly stormy time in Washington when this issue of Liberty was being assembled. Congressmen had coined a war cry: "Not a buck for Donald Duck!" The House refused to reimburse the Treasury for a movie cartoon in which the hapless wight had capered to make us all feel better about paying wartime taxes. . . . But there was compensation. Donald had had a good time too. With Dumbo, Pluto, and Jiminy Cricket, he had happily helped Mickey Mouse with his income-tax return. It comes out on this week's Liberty cover—whereon you will note that Mickey quite properly gets himself an exemption by listing Walt Disney as his dependent. Mr. Disney assembled this moving bit of pictorial drama with the permission and enthusiastic approval of the Treasury Department.

BROOKE HANLON IS A LADY, however much her name and the story on page 30 this week may make you think she's a man. Of herself, she writes:

"I'm a Pennsylvanian, living now near Washington, or on a Maryland pine hill. There's a golf course near by and I'm still planning to do something constructive, and in a big way, about my score out there. The plan is two years old and the score still atrocious, but spring is coming.

"My ancestors were mostly Irish-Americans and some of them left Maryland in colonial times to cut farms out of the Pennsylvania forests. The fact that I'm back in Maryland and pining for a farm should therefore mean something, but probably only means the pioneering ancestors are turning in their graves at the thought of a farm to raise fiction on. I did stints at Pitt and Columbia, then a turn at advertising writing, and then drifted into story writing. It was rather furious drifting the first months, when I mailed one, two, and even three manuscripts a week.

"I like to work on a migratory card table. Always meant to do something about this haphazard method and finally set up a study complete with big desk and all the trappings, but it's usually empty.

"If I weren't a writer I'd like to be an artist, but the next best thing to being an artist, I think, is to be a writer."

SPEAKING OF ARTISTS, we'd like you to know the brush wielders who illustrated Miss Hanlon's story and Smoke on the Horizon (page 13). Tran Mawicke, though not a newcomer, is one of the younger illustrators. He is particularly adroit in picturing the young people of today—their clothes and feminine hair-do's and the things with which they surround themselves. L. R. Gustavson is a top-notcher for "man paintings" that are at once vigorous and accurate. Magazine artists specialize these days; modern readers expect them to know their stuff—and if they don't, you may be sure Vox Pop hears about it.

LIBERTY-CONTRIBUTORS-IN-THE-WAR item: Annalee Whitmore, whose I Saw It Happen in Manila appeared in the January 24 issue, is reported "safe on Corregidor Island" with her husband, Melville Jacoby. They were married in Manila in November; Japan quickly made their honeymoon a nightmare. God grant Corregidor Island is still "safe" when you read this.

MANY IMPORTANT BOOKS come to you first in Liberty. Have you noted the number of Liberty serials that have recently appeared in book form? Here are a few:

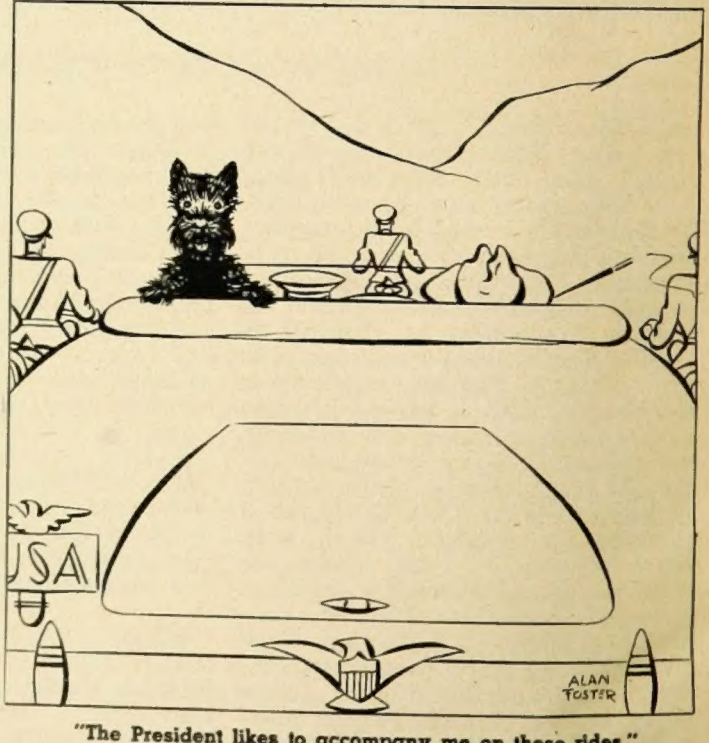
Ambassador Dodd's Diary.
I Paid Hitler, by Fritz Thyssen.
R. A. F.—The Story of a British Fighter Pilot, by Keith Ayling.
Mississippi Belle, by Clements Ripley.
Murder with Southern Hospitality, by Leslie Ford.
Footsteps Behind Her, by Mitchell Wilson.
The Island of Fu Manchu, by Sax Rohmer.
Dangerous Water (Death Waits for a Lady), by Whitman Chambers.
Unexpected Uncle, by Eric Hatch.

And half a dozen more are soon to come. "Next year's best sellers in Liberty now" is one of our slogans. We propose to live up to it.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE INDEX and announcements in their new, more accessible location? Old-timers will remember we used to debate where they should be. Does *your* memory go back as far as that?

The Editors

FALLA



"The President likes to accompany me on these rides."

★ ★ ★ ★ TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 6 ★ ★ ★ ★

Hatching Health

When the world is again at peace and philosophers can renew their age-old arguments, we may learn which comes first—the hen or the egg.

But all the experts agree that chickens and ducks and turkeys and the lesser varieties of poultry belong high on the list of foods that will build a strong nation.

And alongside them in the same list—perhaps even more important because they are used more often and in more ways—are eggs.

• • •

IRON—several of the members of the B-Complex vitamin family—easily digestible forms of protein—delicate, assimilable and nourishing fats—all these come from both the meat of the fowl and the egg.

Remember this, that a fully formed chick—healthy, ready to begin its life—grows from a single cell with only the contents of an egg to nourish and develop it.

Eggs, the nutrition experts tell us, are so packed with important food factors and they add so much to the flavor and taste of such a wide variety of the foods we like and need, that they are almost irreplaceable in our diets.

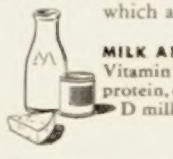
This nation, caught in a crisis where stamina and health and energy are terribly important, can thank itself for a plentiful supply of poultry and eggs. And you, the individual citizen, owe it to yourself and to the nation to see that you and your family include eggs and poultry regularly on your tables.

Our poultry raisers and the stores which offer their products for sale are doing much to aid our government in its program to make America strong.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Liberty.

THE MAGIC FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.



MILK AND CHEESE—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

MEAT, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.

GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

BREAD, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

Chesterfield salutes with Millions of Fans
THE GOLDEN JUBILEE
of America's most popular sport
BASKETBALL

Every time It's Chesterfield

. . . for Milder Better Taste for Cooler Smoking

Over 90,000,000 *is Basketball's yearly attendance...tops for any American sport...and this year marks the celebration of its Golden Jubilee. The game was founded by Dr. James Naismith and had its modest start in 1891 in Springfield, Mass.*

Such popularity must be deserved

That's what millions of Chesterfield smokers get every time they light up...and that's why these millions are saying *Chesterfield gives me more pleasure than any other cigarette I ever smoked.*

Make your next pack Chesterfield and you too will enjoy everything you want in a cigarette...*made to your taste with the Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.*

Every time... *They Satisfy*

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